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LEXINGTON, 1775.

No maddening thirst of blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways,
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain,
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men :
Its vast results the future hid ;
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as the summons came they left
The plough mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn-grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call ;
They scarcely asked the reason why ;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.

Of man for man the sacrifice,
Unstained by blood, save theirs, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well :
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fatal echo is not dumb :
The nations, listening to its sound,
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come, —

The bridal-time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove, —

The golden age of brotherhood,
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good.

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain-crag,
The lion of our mother-land.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

GRANDMOTHER.

'MONGST roses in the sunset glow,
Ere the white arum's cup of snow
Had closed,
Grandmother sat, content to see
The beauty round her ; or maybe
She calmly dozed.

She, with grandchildren round her path,
Finding in life sweet aftermath,
Grew young ;
Old voices surged upon the breeze,
That over days remote from these
A spell had hung.

Whilst golden sunbeams danced in space,
Calling up many a sunny place
Of old ;
Or here and there a cloudy blot,
That blurred the skies, of darkened spot
In memory told.

Yet dark and light so blent that they
Made picture fair of summer day ;
Nor woke
The shadows aught that grief might bring,
For Time smoothed o'er with gentle wing
Each harsher stroke.

The past's wild sobs were hushed, for age
Clear read God's writing on the page
Once dim ;
And earth's declining days waxed pale
In the light shining through the veil
That hides from Him.

In a fair border-land she seems ;
Behind, before, a world of dreams
All peace ;
And doubts that had perplexed her youth
Had settled into simple truth
And fear's surcease.

Maude waiting wonders. In her eyes
To age a time of darkened skies
Is given,
Strained silver cord, and hushed life-song —
" Ay, Maude, but chant of angel-throng
Is nigh — in heaven."

Cassell's Magazine.

J. G.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

WHERE the wood-paths broke in twain,
Doubting, Dolly checked her rein.
" If I take that path," mused she,
" I shall meet with somebody.
Nay, but that would never do ;
Maidens should be wooed, not woo !"
So the other path she prest,
Saying, " Second thoughts are best."

Who is that with Dolly there ?
What has made her ride so fair ?
" Somebody," most strange to say,
Rode the self-same way to-day ;
And there, among the greenwoods dim,
Dolly told her choice to him,
Whispering what her heart confest —
" Truly, second thoughts were best."
F. E. WEATHERLY, M.A.

Cassell's Magazine.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MILTON.

WHAT is the genesis of "Paradise Lost"? How came Milton to choose the particular subject of the Fall of Man for a poem? Why an epic poem, and why a poem at all? In short, what do we know of the history of Milton's poetical writings?

Such an inquiry has not a merely biographical interest. In the case of Milton the life is inseparable from the poetry. We cannot feel the latter without knowing the former. The literary history of the poems is here the true key to the full enjoyment and appreciation of them.

In the handsome edition of Milton's poetical works, which we owe to the enterprise of Macmillan & Co., the editor, Professor David Masson, has made exhaustive treatment the rule and law of his editing. That is to say, whatever topics he has thought fit to start, he has treated with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired. He has not been content to summarize what others have said, but has gone in for a thorough investigation, *ab ovo*. He has disdained the cheap and easy editing which strikes off a few piquant paragraphs, and leaves half the case out of sight to put the pretty things forward. It seems as if it were impossible for him to leave anything half explained, which he once undertakes to explain. This is necessarily a lengthy process, and can be applied to but very few topics. In order that this full justice may be done to such questions as are raised, others must necessarily be omitted altogether. For instance, Milton's relation to his predecessors and successors in English poetry, is not included in the subjects discussed at all. Yet this is a point of view which is essential to the right understanding of Milton. Critics compare the "Paradise Lost" with the "Iliad," the "Æneid," the "Pharsalia," the "Jerusalem Delivered." And they must do so, for Milton wrote after the study of, and with conscious reference to, the great epics of the world. But the critic ought also to reproduce, for himself and for his audi-

ence, the condition of poetry in Milton's own age. No poet, however superior, wholly evades the unconscious influence of his contemporaries.

If this introductory topic is passed over by Mr. Masson, it is no doubt because space would not allow its being worked out with the completeness which Mr. Masson's method requires. He has, for instance, made the scheme and meaning of the poem the subject of a dissertation which is truly exhaustive of the subject. It appears, too, to be an original investigation, except so far as Mr. Masson may himself have anticipated parts of it in periodicals. As far as I am aware, it is the most valuable contribution to Miltonic criticism which has been made in our generation.

It is easy to see that if the whole field of criticism had to be surveyed on the same scale, an edition of Milton's poetical works would be impossible. We should never come to the poems themselves. If we took to editing our poets as the French edit theirs — *e.g.*, for Malherbe, most costly of poets, five thick octavos of six hundred pages each are required — what library would contain them? If all the Miltoniana were to be bound up with Milton, the poet would be buried beneath his annotator, as Saumaise buried Solinus, or Tzschukke Pomponius Mela.

But though impossible to have so much in an edition, yet we should be glad elsewhere to have Mr. Masson's knowledge to elucidate many points which have been slightly or summarily touched by the critics, but never subjected to that sort of scientific analysis which he has here applied to literary criticism. One such topic which we would willingly have illustrated by Mr. Masson before he leaves the subject of Milton, is the question with which I began — by what steps and influences were Milton's thoughts turned in the particular direction which they took? How came he to select the Fall of Man as his theme?

This is not a portion of Milton's biography, but a part of Miltonic criticism. I have said that Milton's poetry is intimately bound up with his life. This is

so in a much deeper sense than the mere outbreak into personal allusion in which from time to time he invites our sympathy. Such sympathy is, for instance, appealed to in the "Samson Agonistes," where the subjective interest or reflection of the writer's own feeling rises into the highest pathos, while the dramatic interest is scarcely sustained. Such is the touching passage in the opening of the third book of "Paradise Lost," where he brings before us the dread calamity of his later years. The deprivation of sight is aggravated by its being a deprivation of knowledge, for one who had sought wisdom with a pure devotion rarely equalled.

But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and raz'd.

Such personal intimations of feeling have in any poet at any time a peculiar attraction for a reader, who is hereby taken into the writer's confidence, and associated with him in his composition. These episodes, so far from interfering with the dramatic illusion, or breaking the conduct of the poem, enhance its effect by giving us an alternative position. We look on at the poem both from the pit as spectators, and from behind the scenes with the author. The change of place varies our attitude and multiplies our appreciation.

Quite other, and beyond this, is that relation of Milton's poetry to his life, which I am now asking my reader's attention to. Milton's poetry is in a much deeper sense subjective. It is not only that he occasionally, by way of prologue or episode, reminds the reader of himself. It is, that throughout the whole of his poetry, Milton is himself an invisible presence. He lives through all its life, and extends through all its extent. His book is not a composition on a set subject, it is an offspring of the whole of his thoughts — it is his thought whole and entire. His book is himself. It is not an atom thrown off from the soul — it is a manifestation of the soul. The poem is the self-realized soul.

This intimate relation between the mind of the man and his book, this sustained presence of the creative spirit throughout his creation, is the consideration which must form the starting-point of all Miltonic criticism. In this consideration I find the explanation of the greatness — of the genius, if you will — of "Paradise Lost."

It is a well-known fact in Milton's life that he had from a very early period contemplated the production of some great work. He makes no secret of this lofty ambition. With life still before him, at two-and-thirty, he announces to the world his projects, in language which we should justly tax as grandiloquent, if it were not that it was justified by the performance.

"Perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout, met with acceptance . . . I began thus far to assent to them, and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grows daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die."

These words were published in 1641, when Milton was thirty-two, but there is no doubt that the project, or aspiration, they indicate, was of much earlier birth in his breast. In the Latin lines addressed to the venerable Marchese di Villa, he had already spoken with unreserve of his lofty poetical ambition. It was nothing less than an epic which he was meditating, and the subject of it was to be taken from Arturian romance.

*Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos heroas, et (O modo spiritus
adsit)*

Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!

These lines are in the poem, "Manus," which was written at Naples in 1638, and in Milton's twenty-ninth year. From their tenor, and the recurrence of the same announcement in the

"*Epitaphium Damonis*," written in 1639, and again in the passage we have quoted from the "Reason of Church Government" in 1641, we are justified in inferring that this poetic enterprise was not a passing phase of young ambition, such as hundreds have experienced who soon put all thoughts of poetry aside forever.

I should, indeed, from a comparison of these passages with all the circumstances of the case, have felt pretty sure that the earliest of these, the "Mansus" of 1638, was only the first utterance of a resolution taken long before, and forming part of a steady plan of life. But a strong light is thrown upon these more specific engagements when they are read in connection with the sonnet No. 2. In this confession, which was written as early as the poet's twenty-third year, and must, therefore, be dated 1631, we find the same style of reference to a contemplated performance, which is not indeed defined as poetical, but is certainly to be of a literary character. For if this is left uncertain by the sonnet itself, it is manifest from the letter in which the sonnet was inclosed when it was first composed.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,

Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!

My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom
show'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth

That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
Than some more timely-happy spirits en-
dur'th.

Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
Heaven.

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

This revelation of the high resolve of a youth of three-and-twenty is explicit enough in itself, but it is further elucidated by the letter which was sent with the sonnet; the sonnet was printed in Milton's volume of poems in 1645. The letter in which it was inclosed to a

friend, at the time of writing, was first printed by Birch, from the MS. in Trinity College, Cambridge. In this letter Milton apologizes for having spent more years than usual in study at the university, by the plea of making himself more fit for the work of life, whatever that was to be. He will not allow that the mere love of learning is a sufficient justification. "Not the endless delight of speculation, but the consideration of that great commandment (in the gospel set out by the terrible seizing of him that hid the talent), does not press forward, as soon as many do, to undergo, but keeps off with a sacred reverence and religious advisement how best to undergo; not taking thought of being late, so it give advantage to be more fit."

These early intimations—and there are others which I forbear to quote—show us in the germ, and in the process of slow evolution, that which in the perfect state became "Paradise Lost."

This circumstance has not a merely biographical interest. On it hinges a main principle, not of Miltonic criticism only, but of poetical theory generally. Is deliberation, and long preparation, and this hesitation as to vocation, consistent with the temperament of the true poet?

Milton proposed to himself at the very outset of life the execution of some great work. It shall probably be literary. Yet he is not sure but that Providence may call him to political action. If literary, he is not certain that it shall be a poem. He decides that it shall be so because some friends have commended some slight poetical effusions of his. When he had settled that it should be a poem, he is uncertain what form it shall take, dramatic or epic; what subject it shall be upon. He toys some time with the subject of Arthur, a subject of chivalrous romance, which he finally changes for one of a totally different complexion. This is the fact. Upon this fact some writers, and no less a critic than John Keble, have based the inference that work done in this temper and on this system is not true poetry.

Keble classified poets as primary and secondary; or, as we may say, into the

inspired and the uninspired. The test by which he distinguished them is spontaneity. The mark of the primary poet is, that he utters what is in him, because he cannot help it. The source of genuine poetry is a native enthusiasm:—*το μαινον*. So far, indeed, the theory can hardly be ascribed to Keble exclusively. It seems to coincide with the current doctrine of the essential distinction between genius and talent. It also falls in with a popular employment of the word "poetical;" as when we speak of certain individuals, characters, nations, periods of history, scenes, legends, being "poetical" by comparison with others, which are less, or not at all so. On the other side, this theory falls in with the view which regards the poet as a form of the prophet, and refers poetic inspiration, as well as prophetic, to a supernatural infusion. So the early fathers, or at least Clemens of Alexandria, regarded the great philosophers as mouthpieces of the divine reason. In this way, perhaps, this theory of poetry may have recommended itself to a religious mind like that of Keble.

However this may be, Keble would refer all true poetry to a deep-seated feeling, a passionate devotion to some one class of objects, or train of thought. Poetry is not art, but nature. The poet does not compose like the versifier—he pours himself out like the linnet or the thrush. He is a man possessed, not indeed by a spirit, but by an overpowering emotion, which must find vent to prevent it from terminating in madness. In poetry this emotion discharges itself. *Poeta nascitur*.

Metre again is not an artificial vehicle of excited thought. What the poet utters in a fine frenzy clothes itself in harmonious and metrical language by the natural restraint which always accompanies the utterance of strong feeling. The same instinct which compels the disburdenment of the feelings, imposes an indirectness in its expression. All strong emotion is thus subject to two conflicting impulses. Enthusiasm clothes itself in reserve. The inspiration must burst forth, but it will not expose itself to the gaze of the callous and unsympathizing. Poetry is the vehicle of this hoarded treasure of feeling. It is the indirect expression of an overmastering passion.

It follows from these principles that there can be no such thing as an elaboration of poetry. The true poet obeys an original genius, which will not let him be

silent. The other writers of verse, and they are many, are relegated in this theory to the class of "secondary" poets. There are multitudes of "poets" in every language, many of them of a high order of excellence, in whom we cannot assign any one central thought which has collected about it the passion of the nature, a passion which must burst its way. These writers are poets by art. They have made themselves poets. They were not called; they thrust themselves in. They adopted poetry as a branch of literature; they were not urged into it for their own relief.

The distinction between the true, or primary, poet, and the secondary, or artificial, poet, is, then, not one founded on the talents of the writer, nor on the nature of his composition; it is drawn from a consideration of the *animus* of the poet himself. It is the attitude of his mind which has to be taken into account. This mental attitude the reader is made to feel throughout what he writes; but it may be in part gathered from his life and history.

An instance of native poetic temperament may be found in Tasso. The young Tasso had poured out many, and some of the most beautiful, stanzas of the "Jerusalem Delivered," before he was twenty. He had conceived the idea of the whole poem in his eighteenth year. His imagination was so fascinated by the subject, that not all the adventures and crosses of an unsettled and calamitous existence could see it aside or obscure it for an instant.

Take, again, Sir Walter Scott. We must in this case look at the metrical tales and the Waverley Novels as forming one series—the novels are poems in prose. The series is animated throughout by one spirit, that of fond regret for the life of lawless, but semi-chivalrous, adventure which had prevailed among his ancestors on the Border. The imaginative regret for these heroic times blended with the loved scenery of the hills, with local imagery, even with the dialect of the district,—this is the staple of Scott's creation as it exists in his writings. And when we turn from these writings to his life, to inquire what manner of man he was, we find that the vein of feeling which yielded him wealth as a writer was fed by the conception and inspiration of which his visible life was composed. Even when novel-writing had been turned by him into a trade, and his good genius forsook him, it was not that

he was corrupted by the love of income, it was in a romantic attempt to realize, in stone at Abbotsford, his ideal of a Scottish baronial hall, that he was ruined.

In another line of production take Molière as an example. A decided, irresistible vocation drew him into dramatic composition. In vain his father's business opened to him an assured prospect of wealth. In vain his class-fellow, the Prince of Conti, offered him a place about the court, where he might have figured as a gentleman. The theatre, the passion of representation, had got entire possession of him, and drew him into a career, then the very reverse of lucrative, despised by the nobility, excommunicated by the church. Genius was not here allied with ambition, but encountered and overmastered ambition, prudence, prospects.

Overwhelming impulse in a fixed direction, instinct, inspiration, improvisation, *entrainement*, these are the characteristics of the true poet. There is no choosing, no deliberation, no intervention of will, but—

— bacchatur vates si pectore possit
Excussisse deum.

Of all this, it is said, we find in Milton the very contrary. "Long choosing, and beginning late," he does not know if he shall write prose or verse, an epic or a drama. He makes a list of nearly one hundred subjects, with the intention of comparing their possibilities for literary treatment. The subjects are suggested by his reading, not by his imagination. They are largely historical. He might have taken one as well as another. And when he does at last compel his reluctant muse to the task of composition, the product corresponds; a work of high art, elaborate mosaic, drawn from the stores of a vast reading. The vulgar have always found Milton's "learning" a stumbling-block. The hostile critic finds in it an evidence of want of genius. There is high literary skill; there is no passionate devotion to some one class of objects or train of thought. There is an enthusiasm, but the enthusiasm of Milton is, like that of Rubens, an enthusiasm of his art, not of his subject. He is in every line conscious that he is the builder of the lofty rhyme.

The praise of poetic feeling, of true creative genius, belongs assuredly to Tasso, Scott, and Molière. But a critical theory which results in placing Tasso,

Scott, Molière in the rank of primary, or genuine poets, and leaves Milton among the secondary, at least excites suspicion. I would not say that the theory *ipso facto* explodes itself by bringing out such a verdict. A critical doctrine endorsed by the name of Keble deserves not only respectful handling, but careful examination. The unkindness of his friends, which has hoisted his name into the position of a party-leader, has obscured Keble's valid claims to be a poet, and his still stronger claims as a feeling and appreciative critic of poetry.

In this theory of poetry, in which spontaneity, or inspiration, is made the test of the primary, or true poet, and in which the source of poetry is found in seeking the relief of an overpowering feeling, lies, as it appears to me, the very truth. The true explanation of the poetic mystery, about which so much has been written, is here. But confusedly apprehended, or imperfectly worked out, it has led some critics, and even so genial a critic as Keble, into a general repudiation of all elaborate poetry, and into a particularly erroneous verdict in the case of Milton. It is Milton's case which I have in view at this moment. But in endeavouring to show that Keble's verdict ought to be set aside as contrary to the evidence, it is necessary to consider the general principle on which that verdict, which placed Milton in the second class of poets, was based. I have said that I admit the principle in its true sense, but dispute the inference.

The principle in question is not more Keble's than it is Schiller's, and not more Schiller's than it is Aristotle's. But though it can claim the authority of such great names, it has not been by any means assented to by all philosophic critics. For this principle of a central thought or passion, drawing to itself the forces of the poet's whole nature, involves in it the further doctrine that the poem and the poet are inseparable, that they form a whole which must be judged together. There is, on the other hand, a doctrine which, I believe, is not unpopular, that a poem, like a statue, is a work of art, a "thing of beauty," to be enjoyed while it is before us, but of which we ask not whence it came, or how it got there. This theory has the support of great names, and notoriously that of Goethe, though Goethe is here often greatly caricatured by his followers.

The other doctrine regards poetry not as a work of art, but as a prophetic ut-

terance. It is not a toy offered for the amusement of the intellectual voluptuary, or the recreation of the leisure moments of the busy. As the noblest product, the highest effort, of human intelligence raised to a state of intense and ecstatic contemplation, it demands for its reception our most serious hours. The attitude to which it is addressed in the hearer is not that of the critic, but that of the disciple. If we go to the poet, it must be as we go to the seer, not to seat ourselves on the chair of the judge, but to sit at his feet. If we cannot do this we shall not catch the mystic tones in which he speaks to the listening ear. We shall see in his words only verses to be scanned and measured. Here is a foot too many, here is a figure out of joint; there a *catachresis*—an impossible conjunction of images. We edit and comment the poets still, but it is not to see what they meant, but what faults they made. Mr. Elwin has proved that Pope could not write English; and Mr. Gladstone has convincingly shown that Virgil was a schoolboy who wrote only clever exercises. Reverence is the indispensable condition of true criticism; for the only question of sound criticism is "What is this writer's meaning?" "What truth does he endeavour to convey?" Endeavour, I say, for no poetry is perfect, or near it. It is a struggle, an endeavour to convey an impression far short of the fulness with which the writer's soul is agitated. Every poem is a fragment. It is a spark struck off, an incarnation from the abiding essence. The mind of the poet is what we want to penetrate to; his words are only the telescope to bring the man nearer to us.

On this hypothesis there can be no great poetry but that which flows from a great mind. Or rather all poetry is great, and true, and genuine, so far as it is the utterance of a great and true and genuine nature. A poet can but give what he has in him; and the more he has in him the more he can give. Here comes in Hegel's dictum, that "the value of a work of art rises in the ratio as the thought is more deep and comprehensive, and in the ratio as that thought is more vividly expressed."

Thus, at the outset we see that the attempt to make two distinct classes of poets, the primary and the secondary, and to make the possession of a "ruling passion" the test of admission into the class of "primary," falls to the ground. The

poetical literature of any language ranges from its highest point to its lowest, through a scale which it is impossible to graduate with precision, through fine shades of merit, just as human character does, and for the very reason that the poetry is the purest efflux of the human character. To no human spirit is given the endowment of universal insight. The widest range of thought and feeling has its horizon somewhere. And we must descend very low in the scale before we reach a singer who has no vein, no impulse from without, no nature—who can give us nothing. As a convenient distinction for popular use, there can be no objection to our speaking of first-rate and second-rate poetry. But as a scientific classification, grounded upon an essential difference in the men, the distinction breaks down when applied to the facts of literature. And the popular designation of "great" reserved for a few poets out of all time, is not tested or measured by the criterion which this theory assumes, viz., the presence of one overwhelming train of thought. The popular classification does not base itself upon a regard had to any one specific quality. "Great" or "first-class," when said of a poet is an epithet used with the same laxity as when applied to a man. As men are popularly called "great" for very various and incommensurable qualities, so poets are classed as "great poets" for the possession of very varied and incompatible gifts. Many of the minor poets are more conspicuously dominated by a single idea than some of the greater. Crabbe will hardly be classed by criticism among the greater poets. Yet he surely has true poetic sensibility which shows itself in one decided direction—sympathy with the sorrow and gloom of homely life. But as we rise in the scale and come to the grand writers, this singleness of direction tends to disappear. Mental cultivation is its direct antagonist. As the sympathies spread with the expanding intellect, feeling is no longer pent in a single channel. Keble's criterion fails precisely in its application to the greatest poets. I do not know how he would have applied it to Shakespeare. I do not remember that he has anywhere tried to do so. In applying it to Milton it led him into the paradox of placing Milton among the secondary poets. The wide range of Milton's imagination, the wealth of acquirement and association, the spoil of all the ages, with which Milton decorated

his edifice, concealed from the eye of a critic, whose sensibility was keen, but whose horizon was narrow, the burning passion, the thrilling pathos, which a spirit in harmony with the poet can feel glowing and throbbing deep down below the measured cadence of the Miltonic verse.

So far, indeed, from Milton's "long choosing and beginning late" being inconsistent with a true poetic vocation, it is the condition of the greatness of his product. No poet, as no artist, can bring out in words, or on the canvas, more than that which is in him. A young poet can, at most, give evidence of ardent feeling and fresh imagination. Many poets continue young throughout, and give us no more at fifty than they did at twenty. Not so Milton. For some of his best years he was indeed truant to his genius, carried away more by a stoical sense of his duty as a citizen than by the political passion of the day. First blindness, and then the fall of his party, brought him back to his true vocation. He had never forgotten this vocation, indeed he had never suspended the preparation for it. And what poet ever made such preparation for his work, ever passed through such an apprenticeship? We have seen that all his first years, from the university onwards, he was educating himself for poetry. He was not laying up materials, collecting passages, gathering pearls of expression in order afterwards to string them; he was forming and feeding his mind. He ranged over the fields of knowledge, not indeed without a love of knowledge, but still with an end in view, that of intellectual culture. What distinguishes Milton from Selden or Saumaise? They were men of learning. Milton would have been called learned if he had amassed the knowledge he had, simply for its own sake. But he did not aim at accumulating, he aimed at informing. He had a reflex object, the creation and storing of his own intellect and imagination. He knew that any work of literature is only worth what its writer is worth. Men do not gather grapes off thorns. He steadily prepared, not a book, but himself. He did not overlay his mind and crush its vigour by the weight of acquisition, but fed and stored it. His ideal was "to know what is of use to know," and that his heart should "contain of good, wise, just, the perfect shape." Blind, old, poor, dependent on uncultivated and unaffectionate daughters, he led the life of meditative

solitude from which alone a great work can proceed. At sixty he was as systematic a student as he had ever been, and had his days regularly distributed for the different kinds of work. From the social poet of modern life, a favourite at the tables of the rich, caressed by society, expect congenial work. From the brooding solitude and isolation of Michael Angelo came the "Moses," and the "Last Judgment." On no other conditions can the world be gifted with a noble poem, or a work of the highest art.

It is impossible to deny that Keble made a mistake in his judgment of Milton—a mistake which compromises his character as a critic of poetry. It is an easy mode of explaining Keble's lapsus by ascribing it to theological prejudice. Bentley, in the generation after Milton, complained that "thousands because they hated the man, could see no merit in the poem." (Preface to "Paradise Lost.")

The question of the feelings which sway an individual mind is not one for criticism; and it is odious to impute motives. The inquiry into the truth of the theory under which Keble pronounced his depreciatory verdict on Milton, is one of wider interest, and one which is fairly open to critical discussion.

MARK PATTISON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THREE FEATHERS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"BLUE IS THE SWEETEST."

THE following correspondence may now, without any great breach of confidence, be published:—

"Eglosilyan, Monday morning.

"DEAR MR. TRELYON,

"Do you know what Mr. Roscorla says in the letter Wenna has just received? Why, that you could not get up that ring by dredging, but that you must have bought the ring at Plymouth. Just think of the wicked old wretch fancying such things; as if you would give a ring of emeralds to any one! Tell me that this is a story, that I may bid Wenna contradict him at once. I have got no patience with a man who is given over to such mean suspicions.

"Yours faithfully,

"MABYN ROSEWARNE."

"London, Tuesday night.

"DEAR MABYN,

"I am sorry to say Mr. Roscorla is right. It was a foolish trick—I did not think it would be successful, for my hitting the size of her finger was rather a stroke of luck; but I thought it would amuse her if she did find it out after an hour or two. I was afraid to tell her afterwards, for she would think it impertinent. What's to be done? Is she angry about it?

"Yours sincerely,

"HARRY TRELYON."

"Eglosilyan.

"DEAR MR. TRELYON,

"How could you do such a thing! Why, to give Wenna, of all people in the world, an emerald ring, just after I had got Mr. Roscorla to give her one, for bad luck to himself! Why, how could you do it! I don't know what to say about it—unless you demand it back, and send her one with sapphires in it at once.

"Yours,

"M. R.

"P.S. — *As quick as ever you can.*"

"London, Friday morning.

"DEAR MABYN,

"Why, you know she wouldn't take a sapphire ring or any other from me.

"Yours faithfully,

"H. TRELYON."

"DEAR MR. TRELYON,

"Pray do not lose any time in writing; but send me at once a sapphire ring for Wenna. You have hit the size once, and you can do it again; but in any case, I have marked the size on this bit of thread, and the jeweller will understand. And please, dear Mr. Trelyon, don't get a very expensive one, but a plain, good one, just like what a poor person like me would buy for a present, if I wanted to. And post it at once, please — *this is very important.*

"Yours most sincerely,

"MABYN ROSEWARNE."

In consequence of this correspondence, Mabyn, one morning, proceeded to seek out her sister, whom she found busy with the accounts of the Sewing-Club, which was now in a flourishing condition. Mabyn seemed a little shy.

"Oh, Wenna," she said, "I have something to tell you. You know I wrote to ask Mr. Trelyon about the ring. Well, he's very, very sorry—oh, you don't know how sorry he is, Wenna!—but it's quite true. He thought he would please

you by getting the ring, and that you would make a joke of it when you found it out; and then he was afraid to speak of it afterwards —"

Wenna had quietly slipped the ring off her finger. She betrayed no emotion at the mention of Mr. Trelyon's name. Her face was a trifle red, that was all.

"It was a stupid thing to do," she said, "but I suppose he meant no harm. Will you send him back the ring?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly. "Give me the ring, Wenna."

She carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and put it in her pocket. Any one who knew her would have seen by her face that she meant to give that ring short shrift. Then she said, timidly—

"You are not very angry, Wenna?"

"No. I am sorry I should have vexed Mr. Roscorla by my carelessness."

"Wenna," the younger sister continued, even more timidly, "do you know what I've heard about rings—that when you've worn one for some time on a finger, you ought never to leave it off altogether; I think it affects the circulation—or something of that kind. Now if Mr. Trelyon were to send you another ring, just to—to keep the place of that one until Mr. Roscorla came back —"

"Mabyn, you must be mad to think of such a thing," said her sister, looking down.

"Oh, yes," Mabyn said, meekly, "I thought you wouldn't like the notion of Mr. Trelyon giving you a ring. And so, dear Wenna, I've—I've got a ring for you—you won't mind taking it from me; and if you do wear it on the engaged finger, why, that doesn't matter, don't you see? —"

She produced the ring of dark blue stones, and herself put it on Wenna's finger.

"Oh, Mabyn," Wenna said, "how could you be so extravagant! And just after you gave me that ten shillings for the Leans."

"You be quiet," said Mabyn, briskly, going off with a light look on her face.

And yet there was some determination about her mouth. She hastily put on her hat and went out. She took the path by the hillside over the little harbour; and eventually she reached the face of the black cliff, at the foot of which a grey-green sea was dashing in white masses of foam; there was no living thing around her but the choughs and daws, and the white seagulls sailing overhead.

She took out a large sheet of brown paper and placed it on the ground. Then she sought out a bit of rock, weighing about two pounds. Then she took out the little parcel which contained the emerald ring, tied it up carefully along with the stone in the sheet of brown paper; finally, she rose up to her full height and heaved the whole into the sea. A splash down there, and that was all.

She clapped her hands with joy.

"And now, my precious emerald ring, that's the last of you, I imagine! And there isn't much chance of a fish bringing you back, to make mischief with your ugly green stones!"

Then she went home, and wrote this note:—

"Eglosilyan, Monday.

"DEAR MR. TRELYON,

"I have just thrown the emerald ring you gave Wenna into the sea, and she wears the other one now *on her engaged finger*, but she thinks I bought it. Did you ever hear of an old-fashioned rhyme such as this?—

Oh, green is forsaken,
And yellow's forsworn,
And blue is the sweetest
Colour that's worn!

You can't tell what mischief that emerald ring might not have done. But the sapphires that Wenna is wearing now are perfectly beautiful; and Wenna is not so heart-broken that she isn't very proud of them. I never saw such a beautiful ring.

"Yours sincerely,

"MABYN ROSEWARNE.

"P.S.—Are you never coming back to Eglosilyan any more?"

So the days went by, and Mabyn waited with a secret hope, to see what answer Mr. Roscorla would send to that letter of confession and contrition Wenna had written to him at Penzance. The letter had been written as an act of duty, and posted too; but there was no mail going out for ten days thereafter, so that a considerable time had to elapse before the answer came.

During that time Wenna went about her ordinary duties, just as if there was no hidden fire of pain consuming her heart; there was no word spoken by her or to her of all that had recently occurred; her mother and sister were glad to see her so continuously busy. At first she shrank from going up to Trellyon Hall, and would rather have corresponded with Mrs. Trelyon about their

joint work of charity, but she conquered the feeling, and went and saw the gentle lady, and perceived nothing altered or strange in her demeanour. At last the letter from Jamaica came; and Mabyn, having sent it up to her sister's room waited for a few minutes, and then followed it. She was a little afraid, despite her belief in the virtues of the sapphire ring.

When she entered the room, she uttered a slight cry of alarm and ran forward to her sister. Wenna was seated on a chair by the side of the bed, but she had thrown her arms out on the bed, her head was between them, and she was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Wenna, what is the matter? what has he said to you?"

Mabyn's eyes were all afire now. Wenna would not answer. She would not even raise her head.

"Wenna, I want to see that letter."

"Oh, no, no," the girl moaned. "I deserve it; he says what is true; I want you to leave me alone, Mabyn—you—you can't do anything to help this—"

But Mabyn had by this time perceived that her sister held in her hand, crumpled up, the letter which was the cause of this wild outburst of grief. She went forward and firmly took it out of the yielding fingers; then she turned to the light and read it.

"Oh, if I were a man!" she said; and then the very passion of her indignation finding no other vent, filled her eyes with proud and angry tears. She forgot to rejoice that her sister was now free. She only saw the cruel insult of those lines, and the fashion in which it had struck down its victim.

"Wenna," she said, hotly, "you ought to have more spirit! You don't mean to say you care for the opinion of a man who would write to any girl like that! You ought to be precious glad that he has shown himself in his true colours. Why, he never cared a bit for you—never!—or he would never turn at a moment's notice and insult you—"

"I have deserved it all; it is every word of it true; he could not have written otherwise"—that was all that Wenna would say between her sobs.

"Well," retorted Mabyn, "after all I am glad he was angry. I did not think he had so much spirit. And if this is his opinion of you, I don't think it is worth heeding, only I hope he'll keep to it. Yes, I do! I hope he'll continue to think you everything that is wicked, and re-

main out in Jamaica. Wenna, you must not lie and cry like that. Come, get up, and look at the strawberries that Mr. Trewhella has sent you."

"Please, Maby, leave me alone, there's a good girl."

"I shall be up again in a few minutes, then; I want you to drive me over to St. Gwennis. Wenna, I *must* go over to St. Gwennis before lunch; and father won't let me have anybody to drive; do you hear, Wenna?"

Then she went out and down into the kitchen, where she bothered Jennifer for a few minutes until she had got an iron heated at the fire. With this implement she carefully smoothed out the crumpled letter, and then she as carefully folded it, took it up-stairs, and put it safely away in her own desk. She had just time to write a few lines:—

"DEAR MR. TRELYON,

"Do you know what news I have got to tell you? Can you guess? The engagement between Mr. Roscorla and Wenna *is broken off*; and I have got in my possession the letter in which he sets her free. If you knew how glad I am! — I should like to cry, 'Hurrah! hurrah!' all through the streets of Eglosilyan, and I think every one else would do the same if only they knew. Of course, she is very much grieved, for he has been most insulting. I cannot tell you the things he said; you would kill him if you heard them. But she will come round very soon, I know; and then she will have her freedom again, and no more emerald rings, and letters all filled with arguments. Would you like to see her, Mr. Trelyon? But don't come yet — not for a long time — she would only get angry and obstinate. I'll tell you when to come; and in the meantime, you know, she is still wearing your ring, so that you need not be afraid. How glad I shall be to see you again!

"Yours most faithfully,

"MABYN ROSEWARNE."

She went down-stairs quickly, and put this letter in the letter-box. There was an air of triumph on her face. She had worked for this result — aided by the mysterious powers of fate, whom she had conjured to serve her — and now the welcome end of her labours had arrived. She bade the ostler get out the dog-cart, as if she were the queen of Sheba going to visit Solomon. She went marching up to her sister's room, announcing her approach with a more than ordinarily

accurate rendering of "Oh, the men of merry, merry England!" so that a stranger might have fancied that he heard the very voice of Harry Trelyon, with all its unmelodious vigour, ringing along the passage.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

PERHAPS you have been away in distant parts of the earth, each day crowded with new experiences and slowly obscuring the clear pictures of England with which you left; perhaps you have only been hidden away in London, amid its ceaseless noise, its stranger faces, its monotonous recurrence of duties; let us say, in any case, that you are returning home for a space to the quiet of northern Cornwall.

You look out of the high window of a Plymouth hotel early in the morning; there is promise of a beautiful autumn day. A ring of pink mist lies around the horizon; overhead the sky is clear and blue; the white sickle of the moon still lingers visible. The new warmth of the day begins to melt the hoar-frost in the meadows, and you know that out beyond the town the sun is shining brilliantly on the wet grass, with the brown cattle gleaming red in the light.

You leave the great world behind, with all its bustle, crowds, and express engines, when you get into the quiet little train that takes you leisurely up to Launceston, through woods, by the sides of rivers, over great valleys. There is a sense of repose about this railway journey. The train stops at any number of small stations — apparently to let the guard have a chat with the station-master — and then jogs on in a quiet, contented fashion. And on such an autumn day as this, that is a beautiful, still, rich-coloured, and English-looking country through which it passes. Here is a deep valley, all glittering with the dew and the sunlight. Down in the hollow a farmyard is half hidden, behind the yellowing elms; a boy is driving a flock of white geese along the twisting road; the hedges are red with the withering briers. Up here, along the hillsides, the woods of scrub-oak are glowing with every imaginable hue of gold, crimson, and bronze, except where a few dark firs appear, or where a tuft of broom, pure and bright in its green, stands out among the faded breckans. The gorse is profusely in bloom — it always is in Cornwall. Still

further over there are sheep visible on the uplands; beyond these again the bleak brown moors rise into peaks of hills; overhead the silent blue, and all around the sweet, fresh country air.

With a sharp whistle the small train darts into an opening in the hills; here we are in the twilight of a great wood. The tall trees are becoming bare; the ground is red with the fallen leaves; through the branches the blue-winged jay flies, screaming harshly; you can smell the damp and resinous odours of the ferns. Out again we get into the sunlight; and lo! a rushing, brawling, narrow stream, its clear flood swaying this way and that by the big stones; a wall of rock overhead crowned by glowing furze; a herd of red cattle sent scampering through the bright green grass. Now we get slowly into a small white station, and catch a glimpse of a tiny town over in the valley; again we go on by wood and valley, by rocks, and streams, and farms. It is a pleasant drive on such a morning.

In one of the carriages in this train Master Harry Trelyon and his grandmother were seated. How he had ever persuaded her to go with him to Cornwall by train was mysterious enough; for the old lady thoroughly hated all such modern devices. It was her custom to go travelling all over the country with a big, old-fashioned phaeton and a pair of horses; and her chief amusement during these long excursions was driving up to any big house she took a fancy to, in order to see if there was a chance of its being let to her. The faithful old servant who attended her, and who was about as old as the coachman, had a great respect for his mistress; but sometimes he swore—in audibly—when she ordered him to make the usual inquiry at the front-door of some noble lord's country residence, which he would as soon have thought of letting as of forfeiting his seat in the House of Peers or his hopes of heaven. But the carriage and horses were coming down all the same to Eglosilyan, to take her back again.

"Harry," she was saying at this moment, "the longer I look at you, the more positive I am that you are ill. I don't like your colour; you are thin, and careworn, and anxious. What is the matter with you?"

"Going to school again at twenty-one is hard work, grandmother," he said. "Don't you try it. But I don't think I'm particularly ill; few folks can keep a complexion like yours, grandmother."

"Yes," said the old lady, rather pleased, "many's the time they said that about me, that there wasn't much to complain of in my looks; and that's what a girl thinks of then, and sweethearts, and balls, and all the other men looking savage when she's dancing with any one of them. Well, well, Harry; and what is all this about you and the young lady your mother has made such a pet of? Oh, yes, I have my suspicions; and she's engaged to another man, isn't she? Your grandfather would have fought him, I'll be bound; but we live in a peaceable way now—well, well, no matter; but hasn't that got something to do with your glum looks, Harry?"

"I tell you, grandmother, I have been hard at work in London. You can't look very brilliant after a few months in London."

"And what keeps you in London at this time of the year?" said this plain-spoken old lady. "Your fancy about getting into the army? Nonsense, man; don't tell me such a tale as that. There's a woman in the case; a Trelyon never put himself so much about from any other cause. To stop in town at this time of the year! Why, your grandfather and your father, too, would have laughed to hear of it. I haven't had a brace of birds or a pheasant sent me since last autumn—not one. Come, sir, be frank with me. I'm an old woman, but I can hold my tongue."

"There's nothing to tell, grandmother," he said. "You just about hit it in that guess of yours—I suppose Juliott told you. Well, the girl is engaged to another man; and what more is to be said?"

"The man's in Jamaica?"

"Yes."

"Why are you going down to-day?"

"Only for a brief visit: I've been a long time away."

The old lady sat silent for some time. She had heard of the whole affair before; but she wished to have the rumour confirmed. And at first she was sorely troubled that her grandson should contemplate marrying the daughter of an inn-keeper, however intelligent, amiable, and well-educated the young lady might be; but she knew the Trelyons pretty well, and knew that, if he had made up his mind to it, argument and remonstrance would be useless. Moreover, she had a great affection for this young man, and was strongly disposed to sympathize with any wish of his. She grew in time to have a great interest in Miss

Wenna Rosewarne; at this moment the chief object of her visit was to make her acquaintance. She grew to pity young Trelyon in his disappointment, and was inclined to believe that the person in Jamaica was something of a public enemy. The fact was, her mere sympathy for her grandson would have converted her to a sympathy with the wildest project he could have formed.

"Dear, dear," she said, "what awkward things engagements are when they stand in your way. Shall I tell you the truth? I was just about as good as engaged to John Cholmondeley when I gave myself up to your grandfather—but there, when a girl's heart pulls her one way, and her promise pulls her another way, she needs to be a very firm-minded young woman, if she means to hold fast. John Cholmondeley was as good-hearted a young fellow as ever lived—yes, I will say that for him; and I was mightily sorry for him; but—but you see, that's how things come about. Dear, dear, that evening at Bath—I remember it as well as if it was yesterday—and it was only two months after I had run away with your grandfather. Yes, there was a ball that night; and we had kept very quiet, you know, after coming back; but this time your grandfather had set his heart on taking me out before everybody, and, you know, he had to have his way. As sure as I live, Harry, the first man I saw was John Cholmondeley, just as white as a ghost—they said he had been drinking hard and gambling pretty nearly the whole of these two months. He wouldn't come near me. He wouldn't take the least notice of me. The whole night he pretended to be vastly gay and merry; he danced with everybody; but his eyes never came near me. Well, you know what a girl is—that vexed me a little bit; for there never was a man such a slave to a woman as he was to me—dear, dear, the way my father used to laugh at him, until he got wild with anger. Well, I went up to him at last, when he was by himself, and I said to him, just in a careless way, you know, 'John, aren't you going to dance with me to-night?' Well, do you know, his face got quite white again? and he said—I remember the very words, all as cold as ice—'Madam,' says he, 'I am glad to find that your hurried trip to Scotland has impaired neither your good looks nor your self-command.' Wasn't it cruel of him?—but then, poor fellow, he had been badly used, I admit that. Poor

young fellow, he never did marry; and I don't believe he ever forgot me to his dying day. Many a time I'd like to have told him all about it; and how there was no use in my marrying him if I liked another man better; but though we met sometimes, especially when he came down about the Reform Bill time—and I do believe I made a red-hot Radical of him—he was always very proud, and I hadn't the heart to go back on the old story. But I'll tell you what your grandfather did for him—he got him returned at the very next election, and he on the other side too; and after a bit a man begins to think more about getting a seat in Parliament than about courting an empty-headed girl. I have met this Mr. Roscorla, haven't I?"

"Of course you have."

"A good-looking man rather, with a fresh complexion and grey hair?"

"I don't know what you mean by good looks," said Trelyon, shortly. "I shouldn't think people would call him an Adonis. But there's no accounting for tastes."

"Perhaps I may have been mistaken," the old lady said; "but there was a gentleman at Plymouth Station who seemed to be something like what I can recall of Mr. Roscorla—you didn't see him, I suppose."

"At Plymouth Station, grandmother?" the young man said, becoming rather uneasy.

"Yes. He got into the train just as we came up. A neatly-dressed man, grey hair, and a healthy-looking face—I must have seen him somewhere about here before."

"Roscorla is in Jamaica," said Trelyon, positively.

Just at this moment the train slowed into Launceston Station, and the people began to get out on the platform.

"That is the man I mean," said the old lady.

Trelyon turned and stared. There, sure enough, was Mr. Roscorla, looking not one whit different from the precise, elderly, fresh-coloured gentleman who had left Cornwall some seven months before.

"Good Lord, Harry," said the old lady, nervously looking at her grandson's face, "don't have a fight here!"

The next second Mr. Roscorla wheeled round, anxious about some luggage, and now it was his turn to stare in astonishment and anger—anger, because he had been told that Harry Trelyon never came near Cornwall, and his first sudden sus-

picion was that he had been deceived. All this had happened in a minute. Trelyon was the first to regain his self-command. He walked deliberately forward, held out his hand, and said—

"Hillo, Roscorla; back in England again? I didn't know you were coming."

"No," said Mr. Roscorla, with his face grown just a trifle greyer, "no, I suppose not."

In point of fact he had not informed any one of his coming. He had prepared a little surprise. The chief motive of his return was to get Wenna to cancel forever that unlucky letter of release he had sent her, which he had done more or less successfully in subsequent correspondence; but he had also hoped to introduce a little romanticism into his meeting with her. He would enter Eglosilyan on foot. He would wander down to the rocks at the mouth of the harbour, on the chance of finding Wenna there. Might he not hear her humming to herself, as she sat and sewed, some snatch of "Your Polly has never been false, she declares"—or was that the very last ballad in the world she would now think of singing? Then the delight of regarding again the placid, bright face and earnest eyes, of securing once more a perfect understanding between them, and their glad return to the inn.

All this had been spoiled by the appearance of this young man: he loved him none the more for that.

"I suppose you haven't got a trap waiting for you?" said Trelyon, with cold politeness. "I can drive you over, if you like."

He could do no less than make the offer; the other had no alternative but to accept. Old Mrs. Trelyon heard this compact made with considerable dread.

Indeed, it was a dismal drive over to Eglosilyan, bright as the forenoon was. The old lady did her best to be courteous to Mr. Roscorla and cheerful with her grandson; but she was oppressed by the belief that it was only her presence that had so far restrained the two men from giving vent to the rage and jealousy that filled their hearts. The conversation kept up was singular.

"Are you going to remain in England long, Roscorla?" said the younger of the two men, making an unnecessary cut at one of the two horses he was driving.

"Don't know yet. Perhaps I may."

"Because," said Trelyon, with angry

impertinence, "I suppose if you do you'll have to look round for a house-keeper."

The insinuation was felt; and Roscorla's eyes looked anything but pleasant as he answered—

"You forget I've got Mrs. Cornish to look after my house."

"Oh, Mrs. Cornish is not much of a companion for you."

"Men seldom want to make companions of their housekeepers," was the retort, uttered rather hotly.

"But sometimes they wish to have the two offices combined, for economy's sake."

At this juncture Mrs. Trelyon struck in, somewhat wildly, with a remark about an old ruined house, which seemed to have had at one time a private still inside: the danger was staved off for the moment.

"Harry," she said, "mind what you are about; the horses seem very fresh."

"Yes, they like a good run; I suspect they've had precious little to do since I left Cornwall."

Did she fear that the young man was determined to throw them into a ditch or down a precipice, with the wild desire of killing his rival at any cost? If she had known the whole state of affairs between them—the story of the emerald ring, for example—she would have understood at least the difficulty experienced by these two men in remaining decently civil towards each other.

So they passed over the high and wide moors, until far ahead they caught a glimpse of the blue plain of the sea. Mr. Roscorla relapsed into silence; he was becoming a trifle nervous. He was probably so occupied with anticipations of his meeting with Wenna that he failed to notice the objects around him—and one of these, now become visible, was a very handsome young lady, who was coming smartly along a wooded lane, carrying a basket of bright-coloured flowers.

"Why, here's Mabyn Rosewarne. I must wait for her."

Mabyn had seen at a distance Mrs. Trelyon's grey horses; she guessed that the young master had come back, and that he had brought some strangers with him. She did not like to be stared at by strangers. She came along the path, with her eyes fixed on the ground; she thought it impertinent of Harry Trelyon to wait to speak to her.

"Oh, Mabyn," he cried, "you must let

me drive you home! And let me introduce you to my grandmother. There is some one else whom you know."

The young lady bowed to Mrs. Trelyon; then she stared, and changed colour somewhat, when she saw Mr. Roscorla; then she was helped up into a seat.

"How do you do, Mr. Trelyon?" she said. "I am very glad to see you have come back. How do you do, Mr. Roscorla?"

She shook hands with them both, but not quite in the same fashion.

"And you have sent no message that you were coming?" she said, looking her companion straight in the face.

"No—no, I did not," he said, angry and embarrassed by the open enmity of the girl. "I thought I should surprise you all——"

"You have surprised me, any way," said Maby, "for how can you be so thoughtless? Wenna has been very ill—I tell you, she has been very ill indeed, though she has said little about it, and the least thing upsets her. How can you think of frightening her so? Do you know what you are doing? I wish you would go away back to Launceston, or London, and write her a note there, if you are coming, instead of trying to frighten her!"

This was the language, it appeared to Mr. Roscorla, of a virago; only viragoes do not ordinarily have tears in their eyes, as was the case with Maby, when she finished her indignant appeal.

"Mr. Trelyon, do you think it is fair to go and frighten Wenna so?" she demanded.

"It is none of my business," Trelyon answered, with an air as if he had said to his rival, "Yes, go and kill the girl! You are a nice sort of gentleman, to come down from London to kill the girl!"

"This is absurd," said Mr. Roscorla, contemptuously, for he was stung into reprisal by the persecution of these two; "a girl isn't so easily frightened out of her wits. Why, she must have known that my coming home was at any time probable."

"I have no doubt she feared that it was," said Maby, partly to herself: for once she was afraid of speaking out.

Presently, however, a brighter light came over the girl's face.

"Why, I quite forgot," she said, addressing Harry Trelyon; "I quite forgot that Wenna was just going up to Trelyon Hall when I left. Of course, she will be

up there. You will be able to tell her that Mr. Roscorla has arrived, won't you?"

The malice of this suggestion was so apparent that the young gentleman in front could not help grinning at it; fortunately, his face could not be seen by his rival. What *he* thought of the whole arrangement can only be imagined.

And so, as it happened, Mr. Roscorla and his friend Maby were dropped at the inn; while Harry Trelyon drove his grandmother up and on to the Hall.

"Well, Harry," the old lady said, "I am glad to be able to breathe at last; I thought you two were going to kill each other."

"There is no fear of that," the young man said; "that is not the way in which this affair has to be settled. It is entirely a matter for her decision—and look how everything is in his favour. I am not even allowed to say a word to her; and even if I could, he is a deal cleverer than me in argument. He would argue my head off in half an hour."

"But you don't turn a girl's heart round by argument, Harry. When a girl has to choose between a young lover and an elderly one, it isn't always good sense that directs her choice. Is Miss Wenna Rosewarne at all like her sister?"

"She's not such a tomboy," he said; "but she is quite as straightforward, and proud, and quick to tell you what is the right thing to do. There's no sort of shamming tolerated by these two girls. But then Wenna is gentler, and quieter, and more soft and lovable than Maby—in my fancy, you know; and she is more humorous and clever, so that she never gets into those schoolgirl rages. But it is really a shame to compare them like that; and, indeed, if any one said the least thing against one of these girls, the other would precious soon make him regret the day he was born. You don't catch me doing that with either of them; I've had a warning already, when I hinted that Maby might probably manage to keep her husband in good order. And so she would, I believe, if the husband were not of the right sort; but when she is really fond of anybody, she becomes their slave out-and-out. There is nothing she wouldn't do for her sister; and her sister thinks there's nobody in the world like Maby. So you see——"

He stopped in the middle of this sentence.

"Grandmother," he said, almost in a whisper, "here she is coming along the road."

"Miss Rosewarne?"

"Yes: shall I introduce you?"

"If you like."

Wenna was coming down the steep road, between the high hedges, with a small girl on each side of her, whom she was leading by the hand. She was gaily talking to them; you could hear the children laughing at what she said. Old Mrs. Trelyon came to the conclusion that this merry young lady, with the light and free step, the careless talk, and fresh colour in her face, was certainly not dying of any love-affair.

"Take the reins, grandmother, for a minute."

He had leapt down into the road, and was standing before her, almost ere she had time to recognize him. For a moment a quick gleam of gladness shone on her face; then, almost instinctively, she seemed to shrink from him, and she was reserved, distant, and formal.

He introduced her to the old lady, who said something nice to her about her sister. The young man was looking wistfully at her, troubled at heart that she treated him so coldly.

"I have got to break some news to you," he said; "perhaps you will consider it good news."

She looked up quickly.

"Nothing has happened to anybody—only some one has arrived. Mr. Roscorla is at the inn."

She did not flinch. He was vexed with her that she showed no sign of fear or dislike. On the contrary, she quickly said that she must then go down to the inn; and she bade them both good-by, in a placid and ordinary way; while he drove off, with dark thoughts crowding into his imagination of what might happen down at the inn during the next few days. He was angry with her, he scarcely knew why.

Meanwhile Wenna, apparently quite calm, went on down the road; but there was no more laughing in her voice, no more light in her face.

"Miss Wenna," said the smaller of the two children, who could not understand this change, and who looked up with big, wondering eyes, "why does oo tremble so?"

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE COST OF LIVING.

COMPLAINTS about the increase in the cost of living have of late been rife in every quarter. In these complaints themselves, and in the various suggestions and appeals for relief which have been founded upon them, the fact of such a rise has been so generally assumed that any attempt to explain that it is in great part imaginary will seem to most persons simply paradoxical. Does not every mistress of a household, it will be urged, have, in details, the evidence of the fact brought to her mind in her morning interviews with her cook or house-keeper? And does not every master have the same evidence, in the aggregate, when the time comes to add up and discharge his Christmas bills? And where else is the explanation and justification to be sought for the Civil Service stores, and their rapid and startling success? The matter is worth inquiring into. We are convinced that here, as in so many other cases, the popular mind has got hold of a few unquestionable facts, but has been rather too apt to turn aside from equally important groups of counterbalancing facts.

Discussions upon the subject have not as a rule, we apprehend, taken the most convenient and conclusive form. They have depended too much upon vague individual recollection of details, or hearsay, on the one hand, or upon appeals to statistical columns on the other hand. We are convinced, however, that the examination of concrete instances offers practically the only available plan. It is certainly the most interesting, and we hope to give sufficient reasons for establishing that it is the most trustworthy plan. Long lists of figures, containing the statistics of the rise and fall of various commodities are at best the mere elements of an inquiry, and need a considerable amount of dressing up before they can be of any service to us. The price alone is clearly not sufficient. We must also know the relative amount of each of the commodities which may happen to be consumed, so as to understand how far a saving in the one direction will neutralize a loss in another. But the moment this is done the inquiry really becomes a concrete and relative one, for the comparative amount of the various articles demanded for different households varies widely according to tastes and circumstances. In one family bread

and meat will be the important items; in another, amusements, travel, and literature will be the main outlets of the income. Tastes and circumstances being various, expenses must be so likewise. Hence it seems to follow that if we wish to get at the facts in a simple and intelligible manner, we have really only two courses before us. One of these is to endeavour to construct a sort of fictitious person who shall represent the average expenses of any given rank or position. We may assign him an average number of children, of average health and appetite, and credit the parents with a sort of average disposition and line of expenditure. As regards the simple wants and tastes of the agricultural labouring-classes, such a plan as this might answer. It has in fact been repeatedly adopted in their case with the result of establishing, conclusively we think, that even in spite of a rise of money-wages their position is on the whole worse in some parts of the country than it was a generation ago. When, however, we attempt to apply the same method to the middle and upper classes, with their widely varying tastes and circumstances, it loses most of its interest and value. No one would feel his own case sufficiently nearly coincident with that of the fictitious individual to find much interest in carrying out the comparison.

A far better plan, therefore, seems to be to find some actual concrete case, that is, to take an instance of a family (if such can be found) which we happened to know occupied about the same social position, and possessed approximately similar tastes and means in two successive generations. What we may thus seem to lose in scientific accuracy will be more than made up in other ways. What we want to know is not the cost or wholesale price of things, which is what the statisticians are mostly concerned with, but the actual price which had to be paid by ordinary householders of common sagacity and opportunity. Moreover, by thus taking actual concrete instances, we are saved from much uncertainty and conjecture in the assignment of the supposed proportions in various directions which the outlay of our fictitious householder would assume.

We may remark that it was the accident of such an opportunity as this coming into our way that put us upon the present line of inquiry. We recently fell in with some tolerably full and accurate household books of from forty to fifty

years ago, having the best possible grounds for knowing what was the cost of living for a similar family a generation further on. We will call the householders respectively father and son. They occupied the same social position in the upper, or upper middle class, whichever people may please to call it. Their incomes were not very different, say about 1,000*l.* a year. Their tastes also were somewhat similar. Both had decided literary sympathies, were fond of hospitality in a quiet way, and of travel, and were both fairly good domestic managers. As far as we can judge, therefore, each would want similar classes of articles and of about the same quality, and would be likely to get it at much about the same relative cost. The cases are also analogous in that neither of them lived either in London or in the heart of the country, but for the most part in country towns; so that that source of uncertainty is avoided which arises from the fact that formerly the difficulties of transit produced much greater differences than now exist between the price of some things in the metropolis and in the country.

Before giving some of our results in detail, there are one or two prevalent sources of confusion which require to be cleared up. Perhaps the oddest, one might say the coolest assumption often made in discussions upon this subject, is one which really amounts to a claim that all loss arising from increase of cost is to be regarded as a privation, and therefore a ground for complaint, whereas all saving arising from diminution of cost in other directions may fairly be regarded as being swallowed up by the greater "demands" of the present age. Beef and butter are dearer, therefore here is a privation; but when it is urged on the other hand that travelling is vastly cheaper, the answer will very likely be, "Oh! but people are obliged to travel so much more now than they used to do; every one does so now, even those who formerly never thought of such a thing, and therefore we, like others, are forced to do the same." Still more is the same answer resorted to in the case of every sort of social display. It need hardly be remarked that every plea of this sort must be peremptorily rejected. All that we are concerned with is the simple question, can I or can I not procure a larger supply than a man of my own means could, a generation or two ago, of the common necessities and luxuries of

life? To turn aside to examine whether we get more or less pleasure out of these sources than people would formerly have done, is to enter upon a totally different question. If our physical frames actually required more sustenance now, that would be a fair set-off to any cheaper price in the materials; but if a man can adorn his walls with double the number of engravings or pictures that could have been procured for the same money fifty years ago, this is an unquestionable gain. For him to turn round and say that after all it comes to nothing, because society "demands" a greater show, is to miss the whole point in dispute. Of course the stomach must be fairly filled before our walls are decorated, but we are not discussing the case of the very poor, all whose earnings go to necessities, with the smallest margin left for luxuries. We are concerned with the case of the middle and upper classes, of whose expenditure, whether we choose to give it the name of luxury or not, a very large portion is spent on what are not necessities. "Life" with them is not a struggle for the means of existence, but a choice amongst many forms of amusement and relaxation. Unless therefore we take an absurdly narrow view of the matter, we must include under the term "cost of living," for any class, all that makes life enjoyable, as well as what makes it possible for them.

The fact is, that to put up such a plea as the above is to concede almost all that is needed. Society has no fixed claims whatever; it claims just as much as it can get. Men on an average live pretty nearly up to their income, or at any rate spend about the same proportion of it in one age and another. If then they are found to buy more of some article of enjoyment than they used to, it is a sign almost certainly of an increased income, but also not improbably of some fall in the price of the article in question. After a time they get accustomed to the enjoyment of it, regard it as essential to their rank or position, and grumble if they cannot have it, and the margin by which it was originally procured, as well. Every increase therefore in the demands of society often marks a *decrease*, recent or of long standing, in the cost of living. It may of course have been attained by an increase of the average income, but it may also be due to a fall in the price of the article. People say, for instance, that dinner-giving is more expensive now, because every one expects cham-

pagne. But why do they expect it now? Our fathers liked the taste of it as much as we do, and would have been just as glad to drink it; but they could not afford it. This means that the son's income is on an average larger than the father's; but the claims and expectations of society are simply a consequence and sign of this gradual enrichment: they are not a product which goes on growing of its own accord. We shall therefore neglect all such considerations, and confine ourselves to the simple question, will a given income in the middle and upper classes buy more or less of such things as they choose to lay it out in?

Another and rather perplexing question arises out of the fact that nearly all articles have of late years improved in quality, owing to increased knowledge or mechanical skill in their production. Indeed, in many cases this improvement has been so great as to have taken the form of the entire supersession of the old material or instrument by modern substitutes. In the case of scientific and manufacturing commodities this is too evident to need more than a passing allusion. Compare, *e.g.* the Moderator or Silber lamp with the best oil-lamps in existence forty years ago. The quality of the light now used in every little drawing-room is such as hardly a nobleman could then procure. In respect of the lighting of our streets, halls, and passages, the contrast is of course more striking still. So in every other direction. Modern linen is finer and whiter, modern paper smoother, steel pens (to most tastes) infinitely less vexing than quills.

We are quite aware that a contradictory belief circulates in some minds. Many people have a conviction that things are now made cheap and nasty in comparison with the excellence and solidity of old workmanship. It would take up too much space here to give the full grounds of our own conviction, but we have very little doubt that the fact is that in the case of almost every article those who really wish for excellence can get it as good or better than they ever could before; but that to suit the democratic taste of the day, and the consequent desire to secure a sort of outside equality in all ranks, showy articles of inferior durability are made as well; in other words, that the cheap and flimsy things, in so far as they are really more numerous, represent not so much a substitution for the good as a supplement to

them. Hardly any one would deny that this is the case in jewellery, for instance, and we suspect that the same explanation is equally valid in almost every other direction. The common objection which consists in pointing to some stout, and probably ugly, old chair or cloak, and comparing it favourably with those in use now, is met by the simple reply that all the weak ones have been broken up or thrown away, so that none but the few strong ones are left. Of the generally rickety houses which the builders run up nowadays about London, who can tell but what a small remnant may be left a century hence which shall be pointed out as a favourable contrast to their latest successors?

This improvement in quality throws a difficulty in the way of our inquiry, for since we have not got the old articles to compare with the new, we are apt to forget how much cheaper the latter may often be at nominally the same price. It is of course impossible to estimate the value of such a saving as this with any approach to numerical accuracy, but clearly some account ought to be taken of it, for the object of life is not merely to get much, but also to get it good.

So again, to refer to a somewhat similar class of cases, there are many articles which simply were not procurable at all in former days; for instance, photographic likenesses. Any labourer can now procure for a shilling a more perfect likeness of a relative than the richest man could have purchased a generation ago. When the comparison is made between past and present cost, what account is to be taken of such things as these? It is clearly an advantage to have the power of procuring things which our fathers would have liked as much as we do, but which they had not the chance to get, but it is an advantage which cannot well be expressed numerically. The best we can do is to make a rough comparison with the superior articles of the class which most nearly took their place in former days.

So again with the saving which is made, not in money, but in time. A man can now go from London to York at about one-third the price which his father would have had to pay. But he can also do it with comparative comfort and safety, in all weathers and at all times of the year, in less than five hours, instead of requiring, as formerly, from twenty to thirty. The former advantage admits of accurate determination, but how are we

to set about estimating the latter? Such considerations as these serve to remind us that any comparison between past and present cost of living must be at best a somewhat rough affair, not so much from the difficulty of procuring statistics, as from the difficulty, in fact impossibility, of deciding clearly the principles upon which they are to be applied in a large number of cases.

We will now give a glance at some of the facts. It will be best to divide the total outlay into four or five principal groups corresponding to the main classes of wants. The first of these corresponds to what are often called "household" expenses, viz. food and drink, and the necessities for procuring and dressing these. In their case, the comparison is for the most part very simple. Nearly every important article which we consume now was consumed forty years ago, and there has not been much difference in the quality during that interval. All that we have to do, therefore, is to make a comparative estimate of their values then and now. On the whole, there can be no doubt that they have risen, and risen considerably. Butchers' meat is about double what it was, and the same may be said of its occasional substitutes, such as game, fowls, rabbits, &c. Butter is considerably more than double, and eggs and milk are also dearer. Bread, of course, fluctuates from year to year, but has shown no sign of any permanent fall since the repeal of the corn-laws. Some things, no doubt, have fallen; sugar and coffee to some extent, and tea to between half and one-third of its former price. The lighter kinds of wine also have lately become a cheap drink; the choicer wines, on the other hand, remaining as they were, or becoming, like all scarce things, dearer. Of the innumerable remaining things supplied mostly by the grocer we cannot attempt to offer an estimate; some have risen, others fallen, but their aggregate alteration does not amount to very much. Coals are one of those commodities which vary in price with the locality; railway communication, however, has produced such an effect that even now, in the south of England, in spite of the late rise, they are cheaper than they were forty years ago. The father, in our comparison, had to pay in the neighbourhood of London in winter thirty-five shillings a ton for his coals; they could be delivered there even now for less than that; and three years ago could be bought for twenty-seven

shillings. When we add up the gain and loss on all these various items, taking into account not only their price but their amount, we find, as might be expected, that the scale in which the butcher and his allies, the poulterer and dairyman, stand, shows a decided tendency to sink. This is readily understood when it is observed that the aggregate of these household expenses runs up to more than a fourth of the total income (in the son's case), and that of this aggregate, meat costs not much under one-third; viz. some 75*l.* out of 250*l.* We should not, perhaps, be far from the mark if we were to reckon the loss in this department at from 30*l.* to 50*l.*; that is to say, the son has to pay that annual sum extra in order to keep his table as well furnished as his father's.

We will next discuss that group of expenses which may be called educational. By this we mean, not merely school and college expenses, but all those which most directly concern mental enjoyment and improvement, such as books, newspapers, lectures, writing-materials, and so on. We are here getting on to ground on which some of the sources of error already pointed out are especially likely to mislead. People are very apt merely to think of what they have to pay, and to neglect to consider the quality of what they get for their money. They complain of school charges being higher, but they fail to realize how vastly greater in proportion has been the improvement in the instruction given. Formerly, after a few great old schools had been named (and these with many drawbacks of antique prejudice and barbarous custom), it was quite a chance whether, in a small country grammar school, you got any return worth mentioning for your outlay. You might possibly get a good return, and you might get a bad one, and there were few opportunities of knowing beforehand which was the most likely. We strongly suspect that if any parent were content to put up with an article no better than his father got he might still procure it at the old cost by simply sending his boys to cheap and inferior schools. But he chooses instead, very wisely, one of the now numerous large schools and colleges which in every respect, except social prestige, stand on the level of the old public schools. Much the same may be said of university expenses, though here the rise of price has been but little, great as has been the improvement in the instruction. The di-

rect charges for teaching are not much more than they were. The rise in the indirect charges, for living, etc., fall into the same class as those for other persons; whilst in regard to the style of living we have already said all that is needed, and will therefore merely remark that when people on the whole choose to spend a great deal more than their fathers did, they are simply showing that their pockets are fuller, but are throwing no light upon the question whether the cost of living has increased. In regard to the universal instruments of mental improvement, books, papers, etc., the saving of cost is so gigantic that no one who thinks that these things are comparable with beef and mutton should venture to assert without careful inquiry that the total cost of living has risen at all. In respect of standard favourites, for instance, we have every range of cheapened production, from the novel of Walter Scott, which we procure at one sixty-third of the price which it cost our fathers, to the old classics, in which much of the improvement consists rather in the better paper and typography. In the case of newspapers again, the *Times*, for instance, has halved its price and doubled or trebled its size; whilst in respect of the infinite variety of other daily, weekly, and monthly journals, no comparison can be made, simply because one of the elements of such a comparison is entirely wanting. We now enjoy sources of information which simply could not be procured by any one, at any cost, forty years ago. Somewhat similar remarks apply to pictures. The great rise in the price of original works of art need not be noticed here, since this does not touch one man in ten thousand; but the cheapening effected in all kinds of copies by photography, chromolithography, and the numerous other substitutes for the old engraving process, opens sources of enjoyment to every one. The general expenditure under this head of education is of course very variable, and depends in amount and direction upon the accident of there being boys in a family, or of a son being trained for a learned profession. But we may safely say that the increased payment for schooling is not great, and is more than made up by the improvement in quality; whilst, in regard to literature, etc., we should be well within the mark in saying that half the old cost is saved, so that any man whose expenditure under this head is

large, might be able to recoup himself here for his butcher's extortion, if he likes so to call it.

Another drain upon the purse is found in travelling-expenses. These are of course just as much a part of the cost of living as anything else. It needs no great penetration to see that if one man spends 100*l.* in entertaining his friends in the course of the year, whilst another spends the same sum in taking his family to Switzerland, these are both ways of enjoying life, and that, therefore, it would be the flimsiest of conventions to include one in the cost of living and to exclude the other. If the former finds that his income, in his own line of outlay, will not go as far by one-half, and the other finds that his goes further by the same amount, these are clearly to be regarded, on any broad and rational view of life, as compensating considerations to be set off the one against the other. The real difficulty in giving even the roughest numerical estimate here consists in the fact that so much of the pleasure derived from this source is not a mere cheapening of what was procurable before, but is the opening out of new satisfaction which could not possibly be attained formerly. A fortnight in Switzerland, we assume, is a better article than one in Wales. A banker's clerk can command the former easily with a three weeks' leave, whilst his father, could scarcely have done more than go there and back within the time. Hotel expenses have of course increased abroad, but then the quality of the accommodation has risen too. If people were content now with such inns as their fathers put up at, and chose to go to those parts of the Alps where such inns only are to be found, they would discover that the difference between, say, many parts of the Tyrol now, and the Oberland or Chamouni then, is by no means great, and dwindles into insignificance in comparison with the cost of getting to such places. The only item belonging to this class which has greatly risen is, oddly enough, just the one which was commonly supposed forty years ago to be about to suffer a terrible depreciation, viz. horses. As between the families in question, we find that the father could get a horse to suit him well for 30*l.*, and was quite content with riding and driving horses at 25*l.*, and even 20*l.* The son never had the luck to be offered one of presumably equal value for less than from 40*l.* to 60*l.* This expense, however, is one that does

not concern many people, nor those more than occasionally, so that travelling may safely be included amongst those items in the cost of living which have greatly decreased during a generation and a half. Those who may wish to make a comparison between the cost of travelling in England then and now will not be very far wrong in assuming that the outside places in a coach-journey corresponded in price to the present first-class fares. At least this is almost exactly the proportion in some cases, and, therefore, is probably not far from the average. Posting, of course, was vastly more expensive. For occasional trips, a horse and gig did not cost very much less than it would now, for some reason or other; whereas a saddle-horse was by comparison a very cheap luxury. It seems that, at Cambridge, for instance, one could be procured for the best part of a day for three shillings, whereas now from seven to ten shillings would be the least sum that would be charged for the same.

When we come to house-rent we find, as we need not say, a considerable rise, but the amount of it is subject to many uncertainties, arising from change of fashion, accessibility, and the commercial progress of the particular neighbourhood. The father, we find, paid 80*l.* a year for his house. The son, for a somewhat larger and more convenient house, with a smaller garden, paid 125*l.* The former, however, was considered rather low and the latter rather high for its neighbourhood; the true difference, as regards rent alone, would probably have been more like 30*l.* Rates and taxes have of course risen; but then here we get a *quid pro quo*, for most of the increase goes to pay for such things as drains, light, and police, luxuries that our fathers had mostly to do without.

Servants' wages, again, have risen, at least those of in-door servants, but to what precise amount it is not easy to say, owing to variations in respect of what they are expected to find for themselves. We shall not be far from the mark, however, if we reckon that the housemaids have risen from about 10*l.* to 15*l.*, and the cooks, perhaps, from 10*l.* or 12*l.* to 18*l.* Out-door servants have not apparently profited so much; the father and son each paid his gardener about the same sum, viz., one guinea a week. On the whole, the total rise in this branch of expenditure (amounting to about 150*l.* a year) cannot be reckoned at more than 35*l.* or 40*l.*

The only remaining outlay of a regular and unavoidable kind seems to be dress. Here, where fashion reigns supreme, at least in the case of the ladies, we entirely abandon any attempt at figures. That they could dress cheaper if they pleased we have little doubt, owing to the smaller price of cotton and some other cheap goods. Moreover, the women in the poorer classes dress much more showily now, which cannot be more than very partially accounted for by increased incomes on their part. Men's clothing does not seem to have varied much. Some things, hats for instance, are decidedly cheaper. Those who would not now without compunction pay more than fourteen or sixteen shillings for the modern silk hat, could not have bought the old-fashioned "beaver" for less than twenty-six shillings; and if we may judge by the frequency with which the entry occurs it would not appear that the latter had much more vitality in its constitution than the former. Some things, like gloves, are dearer; but in the most costly part, viz., cloth garments, we cannot detect any difference worth taking into account.

We have now taken account of all the principal permanent sources of expense; but besides these there is always a margin, and in households where the circumstances are easy a large margin, of occasional expenses. One year the house has to be painted or the carpenters have work to do; another year a carriage is bought, or the garden altered or added to, or some kind of machine or implement is being constantly wanted. Most men have some kind of scientific, mechanical, or artistic hobby, and the gratification of these, or the procuring of presents for friends, often amounts in the aggregate to a considerable sum. These are far too variable things for us to try to take them individually into account. All we can say is that those which depend directly upon human labour, like house-repairs, have mostly risen considerably, owing to the rise in the workmen's wages; whilst those which involve much machinery in their production, like most kinds of mechanical appliances, have shown a decided tendency to fall. So these two conflicting influences may to some extent be set off one against another. Amongst the most important of these occasional expenses is furniture. Almost every one has to furnish a house completely at least once during his life, and a year seldom passes without his having also either to replace

some old articles or buy some new ones. The outlay, therefore, even if converted into an annual equivalent, will be by no means inconsiderable. We have made the best comparison we can, and conclude that there has been on the whole a considerable saving in this direction. Few things have risen here, and some have fallen very considerably. Amongst the latter, iron and glass are, as might have been expected, prominent. We find that 30*l.* was paid for a drawing-room mirror, whilst one as good in every respect could not now, at the outside, cost more than 10*l.* Fire-grates and other metal articles seem to have been nearly double their present value. In ordinary wooden furniture we do not notice much difference. Carpets are cheaper; a good Brussels carpet costing five-and-threepence a yard against the present four-and-sixpence or thereabouts.

On a general review of the whole case, we may say that the three main classes of universal necessities, viz. food, house-accommodation, and servants' wages, have all risen considerably; whilst the fourth, viz. clothes, may be regarded as but little altered. These comprise, of course, a large proportion of every one's income (we find, by a rough estimate, that in one of the cases under discussion, they amounted to about two-thirds of the total income), and the total loss upon them is not inconsiderable; according to the conjectures we have hazarded, this loss might, perhaps, come altogether to from 50*l.* to 80*l.* or even 100*l.* On the other hand, of the three occasional and less necessary expenses, viz. culture, travel, and what we have left under the head of miscellaneous, the first two show a vast diminution of cost.

Whether the saving under this head will suffice to make up for the loss under the other depends of course upon the circumstances of the individual case. It is easy to see what these circumstances are. Those whose incomes are but moderate, or who have large families, for instance struggling professional men, will find, of course, that the necessary expenses make up a very large proportion of the whole. They will, therefore, suffer by the rise of prices in these things, that is to say, they will not find that a given annual income will procure them as many and as good things as it would procure their fathers. On the other hand, men with large incomes and small families, will find that in such things as travelling and the various forms of men-

tal gratification, they have a large and in some cases more than ample opportunity of indemnifying themselves. The person who is best off of all is the literary bachelor. His losses are but very small; much of what the butcher has put on, the tea-dealer and tobacconist have probably taken off; whilst in nine out of ten of the things which he wants to purchase he will find a saving, sometimes small, often considerable, and in some cases enormous.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

IN this present state of things, and difficulty everywhere, the one thing most difficult of all is to imagine greater goodness than that of Mr. Bottler. He had a depression that could not be covered by a five-pound note, to begin with, in the value of the pig-meat he was dressing scientifically, when he had to turn it all out to be frozen, and take in poor Alice to thaw instead. Of that he thought nothing, less than nothing—he said so; and he tried to feel it. But take it as you will, it is something. A man's family may be getting lighter, as they begin to maintain themselves; but the man himself wants more maintenance, after all his exertions with them; and the wife of his old bosom lacks more nourishment than the bride of his young one. More money goes out, as more money comes in.

And not only that, but professional pride grows stronger as a man grows older and more thoroughly up to his business, especially if a lot of junior fellows, like the man at Bramber, rush in, and invent new things, and boast of work that we know to be clumsy. If any man in England was proud of the manner in which he turned out his pork, that man was Churchwarden Bottler. Yet disappointment combined with loss could not quench his accustomed smile, or plough one wrinkle in his snowy hose, as he quitted his cart on the following morning, and made his best duty and bow to Alice.

Alice, still looking very pale and frail, was lying on the couch in the pigman's drawing-room; while Mabel, who had been with her all the night, sat on a chair by her pillow. Alice had spoken, with

tears in her eyes, of the wonderful kindness of every one. Her mind was in utter confusion yet as to anything that had befallen her; except that she had some sense of having done some desperate deed, which had caused more trouble than she was worthy of. Her pride and courage were far away. Her spirit had been so near the higher realms where human flesh is not, that it was delighted to get back, and substantially ashamed of itself.

"What will my dear father say? And what will other people think? I seem to have considered nothing; and I can consider nothing now."

"Darling, don't try to consider," Mabel answered softly; "you have considered far too much; and what good ever comes of it?"

"None," she answered; "less than none. Consider the lilies that consider not. Oh, my head is going round again."

It was the roundness of her head which had saved her life in the long dark water. Any long head must have fallen back, and yielded up the ghost; but her purely spherical head, with the garden hat fixed tightly round it, floated well on a rapid stream, with air and natural hair resisting any water-logging. And thus the Woeburn had borne her for a mile, and vainly endeavoured to drown her.

"Oh, why does not my father come?" she cried, as soon as she could clear her mind; "he always used to come at once, and be in such a hurry, even if I got the nettle-rash. He must have made his mind up now, to care no more about me. And when he has once made up his mind, he is stern—stern—stern. He never will forgive me. My own father will despise me. Where now, where is somebody?"

"You are getting to be foolish again," said Mabel; much as it grieved her to speak thus; "your father cannot come at the very first moment you call for him. He is full of lawyers' business, and allowances must be made for him. Now you are so clever, and you have inherited from the Normans such a quick perception. Take this thing; and tell me, Alice, what it can be meant for."

From the place of honour in the middle of the mantelpiece, Mabel Lovejoy took down a tool which had been dwelling on her active mind ever since the night before. She understood taps, she had knowledge of cogs, she could enter into intricate wards of keys, and was fond of letter-padlocks; but now she had some-

thing which combined them all; and she could not make head or tail of it.

"I thought that I knew every metal that grows," she said, as Alice opened her languid hand for such a trifle; "I always do our forks and spoons, and even mother's teapots. But I never beheld any metal of such a colour as this has got, before. Can you tell me what this metal is?"

"I ought to know something, but I know nothing," Alice answered, wearily; "my father is acknowledged to be full of learning. Every minute I expect him."

"No doubt he will tell us, when he comes. But I am so impatient. And it looks like the key of some wonderful lock, that nothing else would open. May I ask what it is? Come, at least say that."

"It will give me the greatest delight to know," said Alice, with a yawn, "what the thing is; because it will please you, darling. And it certainly does look curious."

Upon this question Mrs. Bottler, like a good wife, referred them to her more learned husband, who came in now from his morning drive, scraping off the frozen snow, and accompanied, of course, by Polly.

"Polly's doll, that's what we call it," he said; "the little maid took such a liking to it, that Bonny was forced to give it her. Where the boy got it, the Lord only knows. The Lord hath given him the gift of finding a'most everything. He hath it both in his eyes and hands. I believe that boy'd die lord mayor of London, if he'd only come out of his hole in the hill."

"But cannot we see him, Mr. Bottler?" asked Mabel; "when he is finding these things, does he lose himself?"

"Not he, miss!" replied the man of bacon. "He knows where he is, go where he will. You can hear him a-whistling down the lane now. He knoweth when I've been easing of the pigs, sharper than my own steel do. Chittings, or skirt, or milt, or trimmings—oh, he's the boy for a rare pig's fry—it don't matter what the weather is. I'd as lief dine with him as at home a'most."

"Oh! let me go and see him at the door," cried Mabel; "I am so fond of clever boys." So out she ran without waiting for leave, and presently ran back again. "Oh, what a nice boy!" she exclaimed to Alice; "so very polite; and he has got such eyes! But I am sadly

afraid he'll be impudent when he grows much older."

"Aha, miss, aha, miss! you are right enough there," observed Mr. Bottler, with a crafty grin. "He ain't over bashful already perhaps."

"And where do you think he found this most extraordinary instrument? At Shoreham, drawn up by the nets from the sea! And they said that it must have been dropped from a ship, many and many a year ago, when Shoreham was a place for foreign traffic. And he is almost sure that it must be a key of some very strange old-fashioned lock."

"Then you may depend upon it that it is a key, and nothing else," said Bottler, with his fine soft smile. "That boy Bonny hath been about so much among odds, and ends, and rakings, that he knoweth a bit about everything."

"An old-fashioned key from the sea at Shoreham? Let me think of something," said Alice Lorraine, leaning back on her pillow, with her head still full of the Woeburn. "I seem to remember something, and then I am not at all sure what it is. Oh! when is my father coming?"

"Your father hath sent orders, Miss Alice," said Bottler, coming back with a good bold lie, "that you must go up to the house, if you please. He hath so much to see to with them Chapman lot, that he must not leave home nohow. The coach is a-coming for you now just."

"Very well," answered Alice, "I will do as I am told. I always mean to do as I am told henceforth. But will you lend me Polly's doll?"

"Lord bless you, miss, I daren't do it for my life. Polly would have the house down. She'm the strangest child as you ever did see, until you knows how to manage her. Her requireth to be taken the right side up. Now, if I say 'Poll' to her, her won't do nothing; but if I say 'Polly dear,'—why, there she is!"

Alice was too weak and worn to follow this great question up. But Mabel was as wide-awake as ever, although she had been up all night. "Now, Mr. Bottler, just do this: go and say, 'Polly, dear, will you lend your doll to the pretty lady, till it comes back covered with sugar-plums?'" Mr. Bottler promised that he would do this; and by the time Alice was ready to go, square Polly, with a very broad gait, came up and placed her doll,

without a word, in the hands of Alice, and then ran away, and could never stop sobbing, until her father put the horse in on purpose, and got her between his legs in the cart. "Where are you going?" cried Mrs. Bottler. "We will drive to the end of the world," he answered; "I'm blown if I think there'll be any gate to pay between this and that, by the look of things. Polly, hold on by my knees."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

IN the old house and good household, warmth of opinion and heat of expression abounded now about everything. Pages might be taken up with saying what even one man thought, and tens of pages would not contain the half of what one woman said. Enough, that when poor Alice was brought back through the snowdrifts quietly, every movable person in the house was at the door. Everybody loved her and everybody admired her; but now, with a pendulous conscience. Also, with much fear about themselves; as the household of Admetus gazed at the pale return of Alcestis.

Alice, being still so weak, and quite unfit for anything, was frightened at their faces, and drew back and sank with faintness.

"Sillies," cried Mabel, jumping out, with Polly's doll inside her muff; "naturals, or whatever you are, just come and do your duty."

They still hung away, and not one of them would help poor Alice across her own father's threshold, until a great scatter of snow flew about, and a black horse was reined up hotly.

"You zanies!" cried the rector, "you cowardly fools! You never come to church, or you would know what to do. You skulking hounds, are you afraid of your own master's daughter? I have got my big whip. By the Lord, you shall have it. Out of my parish I'll set to and kick every dastardly son of a cook of you."

"Where is my father?" said Alice faintly; "I hoped that he would have come for me."

At the sound of her voice they began to perceive that she was not the ghost of the Woeburn; and the rector's strong championship cast at once the broad and sevenfold shield of the church over the maiden's skeary deed. "Oh, Uncle Struan," she whispered, hanging upon his arm, as he led her in; "have I com-

mitted a great crime? Will my father be ashamed of me?"

"He should rather be ashamed of himself, I think," he answered, for the present declining the subject, which he meant to have out with her some day; "but, my dear, he is not quite well; that is why he does not come to see you. And, indeed, he does not know—I mean he is not at all certain how you are. Trotman, open that door, sir, this moment."

The parson rather carried than led his niece into a sitting-room, and set her by a bright fire, and left Mabel Lovejoy to attend to her; while he himself hurried away to hear the last account of Sir Roland, and to consult the doctor as to the admittance of poor Alice. But in the passage he met Colonel Clumps, heavily stamping to and fro, with even more than wonted energy.

"Upon my life and soul, master parson, I must get out of this house," he cried; "slashing work, sir, horrible slashing. I had better be under old Beaky again. I came here to quiet my system, sir, and zounds, sir, they make every hair stand up."

"Why, colonel, what is the matter now? Surely, a man of war, like you—"

"Yes, sir, a man of war I am; but not a man of suicide, and paralysis, and precipices, and concussions of the brain, sir—battle and murder and sudden death—why, my own brain is in a concussion, sir!"

"So it appears," said the rector, dryly. "But surely, colonel, you can tell us what the news is?"

"The news is just this, sir," cried the colonel, stamping, "the two Chapmans were upset in their coach last night down a precipice, and both killed as dead as stones, sir. They sent for the doctor; that's a proof of it; our doctor has had to be off for his life. No man ever sends for the doctor until he is dead."

"There is some truth in that," replied Mr. Hales; "but I won't believe it quite yet, at any rate. No doubt they have been upset. I said so as soon as I heard they were gone; particularly with their postilions drunk. And I daresay they are a good deal knocked about. But snow is a fine thing to ease a fall. Whatever has happened, they brought on themselves, by their panic and selfish cowardice."

"Ay, they ran like rats from a sinking

ship when they saw poor Sir Roland's condition. Alice had frightened them pretty well; but the other affair quite settled them. Sad as it was, I could scarcely help laughing."

"A sad disappointment for your nice girls, colonel. Instead of a gay wedding, a house of death."

"And for your pretty daughters, rector, too. However, we must not think of that. You have taken in the two Lovejoys, I hear."

"Gregory and Charlie? Yes, poor fellows. They were thoroughly scared last night, and of course Bottler had no room for them. That Charlie is a grand fellow, and fit to follow in the wake of Nelson. He was frozen all over as stiff as a rick just thatched, and what did he say to me? He said, 'I shall get into the snow and sleep. I won't wet mother Bottler's floor.'"

"Well done! well said! There is nothing in the world to equal English pluck, sir, when you come across the true breed of it. Ah, if those d—d fellows had left me my leg, I would have whistled about my arm, sir. But the worst of the whole is this, supposing that I am grossly insulted, sir, how can I do what a Briton is bound to do—how can I kick—you know what I mean, sir?"

"Come colonel, if you can manage to spin round like that, you need not despair of compassing the national salute. But here we are at Sir Roland's door. Are we allowed to go in? or what are the orders of the doctor?"

"Oh yes; he is quite unconscious. You might fire off a cannon close to his ear, without his starting a hair's breadth. He will be so for three days, the doctor thinks; and then he will awake, and live or die, according as the will of the Lord is."

"Most of us do that," answered the parson; "but what shall I say to his daughter?"

"Leave her to me. I will take her a message, sir. I have been hoaxed so in the army, that now I can hoax any one."

"I believe you are right. She will listen to you a great deal more than she would to me. Moreover, I want to be off, as soon as I have seen poor Sir Roland. I shall ride on, and ask how the Chapmans are. I don't believe they are dead; they are far too tough. What a blessing it is to have you here, colonel, with the house in such a state! How is that confounded old woman, who lies at the bottom of all this mischief?"

"Lady Valeria Lorraine," said the colonel rather stiffly, "is as well as can be expected, sir. She has been to see her son Sir Roland, and her grandson Hilary. My opinion is that this brave girl inherits her spirit from her grandmother. Whatever happens, I am sure of one thing, she ought to be the mother of heroes, sir; not the wife of Steenie Chapman."

"Ah's me," cried the rector, "it will take a brave man to marry her, after what she has done."

"Stuff and nonsense," answered the colonel; "a good man will value her all the more, and scorn the opinion of the county, sir."

The rector in his own stout heart, was much of the same persuasion; but it would not do for him to say so yet. So, after a glance at Sir Roland's wan and death-like features, he rode forth with a sigh, to look after the Chapmans.

CHAPTER LXXV.

A GRAND physician being called from London, pronounced that Sir Roland's case was one of asthenic apoplexy, rather than of pure paralysis. He gave the proper directions, praised the local practitioners, hoped for the best, took his fifty guineas with promptitude, and departed. If there were any weight on the mind, it must be cast aside at once, as soon as the mind should have sense of it. For this a little effort might be allowed, "such as the making of a will, or so forth, or good-bye to children; for on the first return of sense, some activity was good for it. But after that, repose, dear sir; insist on repose and good nourishing food. No phlebotomy—no, that is quite a mistake; an anachronism, a barbarism, in such a case as this is. It is anæmia with our poor friend, and vascular inaction. No arterial plethora; quite the opposite in fact. You have perfectly diagnosed the case. How it will end I cannot say, any more than you can."

One more there was, one miserable heart, perpetually vexed and torn, that could not tell how things would end, if even they ended anyhow. Alice Lorraine could not be kept from going to her father's bed, and she was not strong enough yet to bear the view of the wreck before her.

"It is my doing—my doing," she cried; "oh what a wicked thing I must have done to be punished so bitterly as this!"

"If you please, miss, to go away with your excitement," said the old nurse, who was watching him. "You promised to behave yourself, and this is how you do it! Us never can tell what they hears, or what they don't; when they lies with their ears pricked up so."

"Nurse, I will go away," said Alice; "I always do more harm than good."

The only comfort she now could get flowed from the warm bright heart of Mabel. Everybody else gave signs of being a little or much afraid of her. And what is more dreadful for any kind heart, than for other hearts to dread it? She knew that she had done a desperate thing; and she felt that everybody had good reason for shrinking away from her large deep eyes. She tried to keep up her courage, in spite of all that was whispered about her; and truly speaking, her whole heart vested in her father and her brother.

Mabel watched the whole of this, and did her best to help it. But, sweet and good girl as she was, and in her way very noble, she belonged to a stratum of womanhood distinct from that of Alice. She would never have jumped into the river. She would simply have defied them to take her to church. She would have cried, "Here I am, and I won't marry any man unless I love him. I don't love this man; and I won't have him. Now do your worst, every one of you." A sensible way of regarding the thing, in a family not too chivalrous.

On the third day, Sir Roland moved his eyes, and feebly raised one elbow. Alice sat there at his side, as now she was almost always sitting. "Oh, father," she cried, "if you would only give one little sign that you know me. Just to move your darling hand, or just to give me one little glance. Or if I have no right to that——"

"Go away, miss; leave the room, if you please. My orders was very particular to have nobody near him, when he first begins to take notice to anything."

Alice, with a deep sigh, obeyed the orders of the cross old dame; and when the doctor came she received her reward in his approval. It was pitiful to see how humble this poor girl was now become. The accident to the Chapmans, her father's "stroke," poor Hilary's ruin, the lowering of the family for years, had all been attributed to her "wicked sin," by Lady Valeria, whose wrath was boundless at the overthrow of all her plans.

"What good have you done? What

good have you done by such a heinous outrage? You have disgraced yourself forever. Who will ever look at you now?"

"Everybody, I am afraid, madam," Alice answered with a blush.

"You know what I mean, as well as I do. Even if you were drowned, I believe, you would catch at the words of your betters."

"Drowning people catch at straws," she answered, with a shudder of memory.

"And you could not even drown yourself. You were too clumsy to do even that."

"Well, madam," said Alice, with a smile almost resembling that of better times; "surely even you will admit that I did my best towards it."

"Ah, you flighty child, leave my room, and go and finish killing your father."

Now when the doctor came and saw the slight revival of his patient, he hurried in search of Miss Lorraine, towards whom he had taken a liking. After he had given his opinion of the case, and comforted her until she cried, he said—"Now you must come and see him. And if you can think of anything likely to amuse him, or set his mind in motion—any interesting remembrance or suggestion of mild surprise, it will be the very best thing possible."

"But surely, to see me again will sufficiently astonish him."

"It is not likely. In most of these cases perfect oblivion is the rule as to the occurrence that stimulated the predisposition to these attacks. Sir Roland will not have the smallest idea that—that anything has happened to you."

And so it proved. When Alice came to her father's side, he looked at her exactly as he used to do, except that his glance was weak and wavering, and full of desire to comfort her. The doctor had told her to look cheerful, and even gay—and she did her best. Sir Roland had lost all power of speech; but his hearing was as good as ever; and being ordered to take turtle-soup, he was propped up on a bank of pillows, and doing his best to execute medical directions.

"Oh my darling, darling," cried Alice, after a little while, being left to feed her father delicately: "I have got such a surprise for you! You will say you were never so astonished in all the course of your life before."

She knew how her father would have answered if he had been at all himself.

He would have lifted his eyebrows, and aroused her dutiful combativeness with some of that little personal play which passes between near relatives, who love and understand each other. As it was, he could only nod, to show his anxiety for some surprise. And then Alice did a thing which, under any other circumstances, would have been most inconsistent in her. In the drawer of his looking-glass she found his best-beloved snuff-box, and she put one little pinch between his limp fore-finger and white thumb, and raised them towards the proper part, and trusted to nature to do the rest. A pleasant light shone forth his eyes; and she felt that she had earned a kiss. Betwixt a smile and a tear, she took it; and then for fear of a chill, she tucked him up and sat quietly by him. She had learned, as we learn in our syntax, what — "*vacuis committere venis.*"

When he had slept for two or three hours, with Alice hushing the sound of her breath, he was seized with sudden activity. His body had been greatly strengthened by the most nourishing of all food; and now his mind began to aim at like increase of movement.

"What do you think I have got to show you?" said Alice, perceiving this condition. "Nothing less, I do believe, than the key of the fine old astrologer's case! Of course, I can only guess, because you have got it locked away, papa. But from the metal looking just the same, and the shape of it, and the seven corners, and its being found at Shoreham, in the sea, where Memel was said to have lost it, I do think it must be that very same key. And I found it, papa — well I found it under rather peculiar circumstances. Now may I go and try? There can be no harm, if it turns out to be pure fancy."

Her father nodded, and pointed to a drawer where he kept his important keys, as Alice of course was well aware. And in five minutes Alice came back again, with the strange old case in one hand, and Polly's queer doll in the other. Mabel lingered in the passage, not being sure that she ought to come in, though Alice tried to fetch her. Then Alice set the case, or cushion, upon her father's bedside table, and with a firm hand pushed the key down, and endeavoured to turn it. Not a little would anything yield, or budge; although it was clear to the duller eye that lock and key belonged together.

"It is the key, papa," cried Alice. "It fits to a hair; but it won't turn. This queer old thing goes round and round, instead of staying quiet, and waiting to be unlocked justly. I suppose my hands are too weak. Oh there! Provoking thing, it goes round again. I know how I could manage it, if I may, my darling father. In the astrologer's room, I saw a tremendous vice, fit to take anything. I have inherited some of his turn for tools and mechanism; though of course in a most degenerate degree. Now may I go up? I shall have no fear whatever, if Mabel comes with me."

Winning mute assent, she ran for the key of that room, and took Mabel with her; and soon they had that obstinate case set fast in a vice, whose screw had not been turned for more than two centuries. The bottom of the cone was hard and solid, and bedded itself in the old oak slabs. "Now turn, Mabel, turn; the key is warped; or we might apply more force," said Alice. They did not know that it had been crooked by the jaws of Jack the donkey. Even so, it would not yield, until they passed an ancient chisel through its loop, and worked away. Then with a thin and sulky screech the cogs began to move, and the upper half of the case to slide aside.

"Oh! I am so frightened, Alice," cried Mabel, drawing back her hands. "And the room is so cold! It seems so unholy! It feels like witchcraft! And all his old tools looking at us!"

"Witch, or wizard, or necromancer, I am not going to leave off now," answered Alice the resolute. "You may run away, if you like. But I mean to get to the bottom of this, if I — if I can, at least."

She was going to say, "if I die for it." But she had been so close to death quite lately, that she feared to take his name in vain.

"How slowly it moves! How it does resist!" cried Mabel, returning to the charge. "I thought I was pretty strong — well, it ought to be worth something for all this work."

"It is fire-proof! it is lined with asbestos!" Alice answered eagerly. "Oh! there must be an enormous lot of gold."

"There can't be," said Mabel; "why, a thousand guineas is more than you or I could carry. And you carried this easily in one hand."

"Don't talk so!" cried Alice; "but work away. I am desperately anxious."

"As for me, I am positively dying of curiosity. Lend me your pocket-handker-

chief, dear. I am cutting my hand to pieces."

"Here it comes, I do believe. Well, what an extraordinary thing!"

The dome of the cone had yielded sulkily to the vigour and perseverance of two beautiful young ladies. It had slid horizontally, the key of course sliding with it, upon a strong rack of metal, which had been purposely made to go stiffly; and now that the cover had passed the cogs, it was lifted off quite easily. All this was the handiwork of the man, the simple-minded eastern sage, who loved the shepherds and the sheep; and whose fine spirit would have now rejoiced to see the result of good workmanship.

The two fair girls poured hair together, with forehead close to forehead, when the round substantial case lay coverless before them. A disc of yellow parchment was spread flat on the top of everything, with its edges crenelled into the asbestos lining. Hours and perhaps days of care had been spent by clever brain and hands, to keep the air and dust out.

"Who shall lift it?" asked Mabel, panting. "I am almost afraid to move."

"I will lift it, of course," said Alice; "I am his descendant; and he foresaw that I should do it."

She took from the lathe a little narrow tool for turning ivory (which had touched no hand since the prince's), and she delicately loosened up the parchment, and examined it. It was covered with the finest manuscript, in concentric rings, beginning with half an inch of diameter; but she could not interpret a word of that. Below it shone a thick flossy layer of the finest mountain-wool, and under that the soft spun amber of the richest native silk.

"Now, Alice, do you mean to stop all night!" cried Mabel; "see how the light is fading!"

The light was fading, and spreading also, in a way that reminded Alice (although the season and the weather were so entirely different) of her visit to that room, two and a half long years ago, alone among the shadows. The white light, with the snow-gleam in it, favoured any inborn light in everything else that was beautiful.

Alice, with the gentlest touch of the fairy-gifts of her fingers, raised the last gossamer of the silk, and drew back, and sighed with wonder. Mabel (always prompt to take the barb and shaft of everything) leaned over, and looked in,

and at once enlarged her eyes and lovely mouth in pure stupefaction.

Before and between these two most lovely specimens of the human race, lay the most beautiful and more lasting proofs of what nature used to do, before the production of women. Alice and Mabel, with the light in their eyes, and the flush in their fair cheeks quivering, felt that their beauty was below contempt — except in the opinion of stupid men — if compared with what they were looking at.

Of all the colours cast by nature on the world, as lavishly as Shakespeare threw his jewels forth, of all the tints of sun and heaven in flower, sea, and rainbow, there was not one that did not glance, or gleam, or glow, or lie in ambush, and then suddenly flash forth, and blush, and then fall back again. None of them waited to be looked at, all were in perpetual play; they had been immured for centuries, and when the glad light broke upon them, forth they danced like meteors. And then, as if all quick with life, they began to weave their crossing rays, and cast their tints through one another, like the hurtling of the Aurora. And to back their fitful brilliance, in among them lay and spread a soft, delicious, milky-way of bashful white serenity.

"It is terrible witchcraft!" cried dazzled Mabel.

"No," said Alice; "it is the noblest casket ever seen, of precious opals, and of pearls. You shall carry them to my father."

"Indeed, I will not," said the generous Mabel; "you have earned, and you shall offer them."

CHAPTER LXXVI.

BEAUTY having due perception and affection for itself, it is natural that young ladies should be much attached to jewels. It does not, however, follow that they know anything about them, any more than they always do about other objects of their attachment. Nevertheless they always want to know the money-value.

"I should say they were worth a thousand pounds, if they are worth a penny," said Mabel, sagely shaking her head, and looking wonderfully learned.

"A thousand!" cried Alice. "Ten thousand, you mean. Now put it all back as we found it."

"Oh, one more glance, one more good

look, before other people see them! Oh! let the light fall sideways."

Mabel, in her admiration, danced all round the astrologer's room, whisking the dust from the wheel of his lathe, and scattering quaint rare tools about, while Alice, calmly smiling at her, repacked the case, silk, wool, and parchment, and giving her friend the cover to carry, led the way towards her father's room.

Sir Roland Lorraine was so amazed that for the moment the mind resumed command of the body; the needful effort was made; and he "spake with his tongue" once more, though feebly and inarticulately.

"Father, darling, that is worth more to me," cried Alice, throwing her arms around him, "than all the jewels that ever were made from the first year of the world to this. Oh I could never, never live without hearing your dear voice!"

It was long, however, before Sir Roland recovered mind and spirit so as to attempt a rendering of the provident sage's document. The writing was so small, that a powerful lens was wanted for it; the language, moreover, was Latin, and the contractions crabbled to the last degree. And crammed as it was with terms of art, an interpreter might fairly doubt whether his harder task was to make out what the words were, or what they meant. But omitting some quite unintelligible parts, it seemed to be somewhat as follows:—

"O descendant of mine in far-off ages, neither be thou carried away by desire of riches, neither suppose thine ancestor to have been so carried. I bid thee rather to hold thy money in the place of nothing, and to be taught that it is a work of royal amplitude and most worthy of the noblest princes, to conquer the obstinacy of nature by human skill and fortitude. Labouring much I have accomplished little; seeking many things I have found some; it is not just that I should be forgotten, or mingled with those of my time and rank, who live by violence, and do nothing for the benefit of humanity.

"Among many other things which I have by patience and learning conquered, the one the most likely of all to lead to wealth is of a simple kind. To wit, as Glaucus of Chios (following up the art of Celmis and Damnameneus) discovered the *κόλλησις* of iron, so have I discovered that of jewels—the opal, and perhaps the ruby. As regards the opal, I am certain; as regards the ruby, I have still some difficulties to conquer.

All who know the opal can, with very clear vision, perceive that its lustre and versatile radiance flows from innumerable lamins, united by fusion in the endless flux of years. Having discovered how to solve the opal with a caustic liquor"—here followed chemical marks, which none but a learned chemist could understand—"and how to recompose it, I have spent twelve months in Hungary collecting a full medimnus of small opals of the purest quality. After many trials and a great waste of material, I have accomplished things undreamed by Baccius, Evax, or Leonardus; I have produced the priceless opal, cast to mould, and of purest water, from the size of an avellan-nut to that of a small castane. Larger I would not make them, knowing the incredulity of mankind, who take for false all things more than twice the size of their own experience.

"Alas! it is allowed to no man, great works having been carried through, to see what will become of them. These gems of inestimable value, polished by their own liquescence, and coherent as the rainbow, demand, so far as I yet can judge, at least a hundred years of darkness and of cavernous seclusion, such as nature and the gods require for all perfect work. And when the air is first let in, it must be very slowly done, otherwise all might fall abroad, as though I had never touched them. For this, with the vigilance of a great philosopher, I have provided.

"Now farewell, whether descended from me, or whether (if the fates will) alien. A philosopher who has penetrated, and, under the yoke, led nature, is the last of all men to speak proudly, or record his own great deeds. That he leaves for inferior and less tranquil minds, as are those of the poets. Only do not thou sell these gems for little, if thou sell them. The smallest of them is larger and finer than that of the Senator Nonius, or that which is called 'Troy burning,' from the propugnacled flash of its movement. Be not misled by jewellers. Rogues they are, and imitators, and perpetually striving to make gain disgracefully. Harken thou not to one word of these; but keep these jewels, if thou canst. If narrow matters counsel sale, then go to the king of thy country, or great nobles, who will not wrong thee. And be sure that thou keep them well advised, that neither in skill of hand nor in learning should they attempt to vie with Agasicles the Carian."

CHAPTER LXXVII.

LONG ere the writing of the diffident sage had been thus interpreted, the casket, or rather its contents (being intrusted to the wary hands of the counsellor on his return to London), had passed the severest test and been pronounced of enormous value. The great philosopher had not deigned to say a word about the pearls, whether produced or amalgamated by his skill, or whether they were heirlooms in his ancient family. The jewellers said that they were Cingalese and of the rarest quality, and for these alone one large house (holding a commission from a nobleman) offered fifteen and then twenty, and finally twenty-five thousand pounds. But Sir Roland had resolved not to part with these, but divide them between his daughter and future daughter-in-law, if he could raise the required sum without them. In this no difficulty was found. Though opals were not in fashion just then, (and indeed they are even now undervalued through a stupid superstition,) six of the smaller gems were sold for £65,000, and now their owners would not accept double that price.

Lady Valeria right quickly discarded her terror of that casket, and very quietly appropriated the magnificent central gem. It was the cover, with its spiral coils of metal, which had frightened her ladyship. The strongest-minded ladies are, as a general rule, the most obstinate in their dread of what has injured them. The Earl of Thanet, this lady's father, had been a great lover of the honey-bee, and among his other experiments, he had a small metal hive, which his daughter upset, with results which need not trouble us so much as they troubled the lady. And although so much smaller, the astrologer's case strangely resembled that deadly hive.

When Hilary's sin had been purged, and himself (at certainly a somewhat heavy figure) allowed to draw his sword again, he soon regained all his former strength, and health, and perhaps a little more than his former share of wisdom. But he did not march into Paris, as Colonel Clumps had once predicted; or at least not in that memorable year 1814. But in July of the following year, he certainly put in an appearance there, under the immortal Wellington, who had been truly pleased to have him under his command, but never on his staff again. And Hilary Lorraine, at Waterloo, had shown

most clearly (through the thick of the smoke) that if the duke had erred about his discretion, he had made no mistake about his valour.

And it was, of course, tenfold more valorous of him to carry on as he did there, when he called to mind that he had at home a lovely wife, of the name of Mabel, and a baby of the name of Roger. Because he had taken advantage of the piping time of peace,—when all the “crowned heads” were in England,—to put on his own head that “crown of glory” (richer than mural or civic) whereof the wise man speaks the more warmly, because he had so many of them. In June 1814, Hilary and Mabel were made one, under junction of the good rector; and nature, objecting to this depopulating fusion of her integrals, had sternly recouped her arithmetic, by appeal to the multiplication table.

At Waterloo, Hilary worked his right arm much harder than he worked it through the rest of his life; because there he lost it. When the French cuirassiers made their grand third charge upon the British artillery, to change the fortune, or meet their fate, Lorraine with his troop of the Dasher-Hussars, now commanded by Colonel Aylmer, was in front of the rest of the regiment. The spirit of these men was up; they had been a long while held in that day, and they could not see any reason why they should not have their turn at it. Man and horse were of one accord, needing no spur, neither heeding bridle. As straight as hounds in full view, they flew; and Hilary flew in front of them. In the crush and crash, he got rolled over, dismounted, and left slashing wildly in a storm of horses. An enormous cuirassier made at him, with a sword of monstrous length. Their eyes met, and they knew each other—the robber and the robbed; the crafty plotter and the simple one; the victor and the victim.

Alcides cried in Spanish — “Thou art at thy latest gasp; I have no orders now from my precious wife—receive this, and no more of thee!” With rowels deep in the flank of his horse, he made horrible swoop at Hilary, spent of strength and able only to present a feeble guard. Hilary's blade spun round and round, and his right arm flew off at the elbow; and the crash was descending upon his poor head, when a stern reply met Alcides. Through the joints of his harness Joyce Aylmer's sword went in, and drank his life-blood. His horse dashed on; and he

lay on the plain, like the felled trunk of a poison-tree,—that plain where lay so many nobler, and so few meaner than himself. Having run through the whole of the stolen money, he had donned the French cuirass, and left his wife and infant child to starve.

When the times of slaughter passed, and nature began to be aware again that she has other manure than bloodshed; when even the cows could low without fear of telling where they rubbed their ribs, and mares could lick their foals unwept on; and hills and valleys began again to listen to the voice of quiet waters (drowned no more in the din of the drum); and everything in our dear country was most wonderfully dear,—something happened at this period not to be passed over. Parenthetically it may be said—and deserves no more than parenthesis—that neither of the Chapmans had been killed (as mendacious fame reported), only knocked on the head, and legs, and stomach, and other convenient places. It repented them, in deep holes, of the day when they tried to drag Alice down into their pit.

But now there is just time to say that it must have been broad August, when the fields were growing white for harvest, after the swath of Waterloo, ere Colonel Aylmer durst bring forth what he nursed in his heart for Alice. His words were short and simple, though he did not mean to make them so. But he found her in old Chancton Ring, where first he had beheld her; and so much came across him, that he never took his hat off, but just whispered underneath it. The whisper went under a prettier hat, where it long had been expected; and if a feather waved at all, it only was a white one.

"Are you not afraid of me?" asked Alice Lorraine, with a tremulous glance, enough to terrify any one.

"That I am, to the last degree. I never shall get over it."

"That augurs well," she replied with a smile—such a smile as no one else could give; "but I mean more than that; I mean your fear of what the world will say of me."

"Of that I am infinitely more afraid. It will vex me so to hear forever—"What has he done to deserve such a wife?"

"Then what he has done is simply this," cried Alice, looking nobly; "he has saved her life, and her brother's; and her heart is his, if he cares for it."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

IT takes but little time to tell what happened to the rest of them. Sir Roland Lorraine had the pleasure of seeing two tribes of grandchildren round him, who routed him out of his book-room, and scattered his unwholesome tendencies wholesale. If he shocked society in his middle age, society had revenge in the end, and pursued him, like the Eumenides. The difference was this, however, that here were truly well-meaning ones, not called so by timorous truckling. And another point of distinction might be found in the style of their legs and bodies. Also, they had no "stony glare," but the brightest of all young eyes, that shine like a flower filled with morning dew.

These little men and women played at hide-and-seek, and made rich echo in the Woeburn channel. Forsooth, that fearful stream (like other fateful rivers), beaten by Vulcanian fires of Bottler—or, as some people said, (who knew not Bottler,) by the power of the long dry frost—retired into the bowels of the earth, and never means to come forth again. But before leaving off, it did one good thing—it drowned old Nanny Stilgoe. "Prophet of ill, never yet to me spakest thou thing lucksome"—this was the sentiment of that river when disappointed of Alice. Old Nanny ran out of her door the next day, with a stick, at a boy who cast snowballs, and she slipped on some ice, and in she went; and many people tried to rake her out, but she would not be laid hold of. Her prophecies of evil fell like lead on her head, and sank her, and the parish was fiercely divided whether she ought to have a Christian burial. But rector Hales let them talk as they liked, and shunned disputation about it. He had made up his own mind what to do (which of all things is the foremost); so he buried old Nanny, and paid for it all, and set up her tombstone, whereon the sculptor, with visions of his own date prolonged, set down her figure at 110.

The passing of time is one of those things that most astonish every one. For instance, no one would ever believe, except with a hand upon either temple, that Applewood farm is now carried on, and all the growing-business done, by a sturdy and highly enlightened young fellow, whose name is Struan Lovejoy. He owes his origin to a heavy cold, caught by his father (the present highly respected Admiral Sir Charles Lovejoy), through

the freezing of his naval trousers, and the coddling which of course ensued. Charlie's heart lay open through all the stages of catarrh, and he knew (though he could not well speak about it) whose initials were done in hair on the handkerchief under his pillow. In short, no sooner did his nose begin to resume its duty in the system, and his eyes to cease from running, than he took Cecil Hales by the hand, and said that he had something to say to her. And he said it well; as sailors do. And she could not deny that it might mean something, if ever they could maintain themselves.

This is what all young people say; some with a little, and some with less, discretion upon the subject. The helm of all the question hangs upon the man's own stern-post. There is no time to talk of that. Charlie married Cecil; and they had a son called "Struan."

Struan Lovejoy took the turn for gardening and for growing, which had failed the Lovejoy race in the middle generation. Gout descends, and so does growing, with a skip of one step of mankind; and you cannot make the wrong generation lay heel on spade, or toe in slipper.

But most of us can make some men feel — however small our circle is — that there is room for them inside it. That we scorn hypocritical love of mean humanity; but love the noble specimens — when we get them. That we know how short our time is, and attempt to do a little forward for the slowly rolling age. In a word that, taking things altogether, they are pretty nearly as good as could have been hoped for, even sixty years ago.

But it is quite a few years back, to wit in 1861, when the great leading case upon rights of way — "*Lovejoy v. Shatterlocks*" — was tried for the ninth and final time. Chief-Justice Sir Gregory Lovejoy, through feelings of delicacy, left the Bench, and would not even allow his wife — our Phyllis Catherow — to be called. But Major-General Sir Hilary Lorraine marched into the witness-box; and so vividly did he call to mind what had passed (and what had been stopped) at the white gate, and where the key was kept half a century ago; that the defendant had no leg to stand upon. Mabel (who heard all his evidence, with a grandchild Mabel's hand in hers) vowed that he made a confusion of keys, and was thinking of the gate where she came to meet him. And when he had

time for more reflection he could not contradict her.

Now what says Bonny? He sits on his hill. He sees his life before him. Though he does not know that for finding that key he is to have £1000, invested already, and to accumulate, until he settles down. In fulness of time he will cast away the unsalable portion of his rags, and wed square Polly Bottler. Their hearts are as one; they only wait for parental assent, and the band or ban — whichever may be the proper word — shouted thrice by the rector, defiant of the world to forbid those two. They are not ready yet to be joined together; but they are polishing their fire-irons.

Meanwhile Bonny may be seen to sit, in one of those wonderful nicks of the hills, which seem to be elbowed by nature and padded, to tempt her restless mankind to rest. For here the curve of the slope is so snug that only pleasant airs find entry, with the flowery tales they bring, and the grass is of the greenest, and the peep into the lowland distance of the most refreshing blue. Lulled on a bank here Bonny sits, not quite so fair as the fairy-queen (who perhaps is watching him unseen), but picturesque enough for the age, and provided with a donkey worthy of Titania's purest love. Jack is gazing with deep interest at an image of himself, cleverly shaped by his master on the green with snowy outline of chalky flints. Here are set forth his long tail, white nose, and ears as long and rich as the emblem of fair Ceres. He sniffs at his nose, and he treads on his toes, and not being able to explain away all things, he falls to and grazes from his own stomach.

But what is Bonny doing here, instead of attending to his rags and bones? Well, he ought to be, but he certainly is not, attending to the rector's sheep. To wit Mr. Hales, growing stiff in the saddle, betakes himself freely to saddles of mutton; and has paid, and is paying, his three daughters' portions after the manner of the patriarchs. But leaving the flock to their own devices (for which, as he were satirical, he might quote his master as precedent), Bonny opens his capacious mouth, and the fresh air of the downs rings richly, with a simple

SOUTHDOWN SONG.

I

When the sheep are on the hill,
In the early summer day,

They may wander at their will,
While I go myself astray.

Chorus (sustained by sheep and Jack).

We may wander at our will,
While you go to sleep, or play !

2

If the May wind hath an edge
Rather wintery and cold,
I shall sit beneath a hedge,
While they wander o'er the wold.

Chorus (by the same performers).

There you sit beneath a hedge,
Singing like a minstrel bold !

3

Should ill-natured people say
That I loiter, or do ill,
Pick a hole in me they may —
When they see me through the hill.

Chorus.

When they catch you at your play,
Whip you merrily they will.

4

Playful creatures grow not old ;
Play is healthy nature's pledge.
'Tis the dull heart gives the hold
For the point of trouble's wedge.

Chorus.

These reflections are as old
As the saws of rush and sedge.

5

Frisky lambkins in the grass,
Mint, and pepper, if they spy,
Do they weep, and cry " alas ! " ?
Nay, but whisk their tails on high.

Chorus.

Weep indeed, and cry " alas ! "
Sooner you, than we, or I !

6

Look, how soon the shadows pass !
How the sun hath chased the gloom !
If our life is but as grass,
Grass is where the flowers bloom.

Chorus.

If our life is in the grass,
Many flowers we consume.

And so may we leave them singing.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE ABODE OF SNOW.

CHINESE TARTARS.

JUST after I had managed to get the better of my illness, but was still in danger from it, and confined to my cot, Mr. Pagell arrived, having been recalled from

a place in Spiti, ten days' journey off, by the letter which his wife forwarded to him. I found the Moravian missionary to be a strong, active, and cheerful man ; no great scholar, perhaps, but with a considerable knowledge of English, able to speak Tibetan fluently, acquainted with the Lama religion, well liked by the people of the country, and versed in the arts which were so necessary for a man in his isolated and trying position. He had been established, with Mrs. Pagell, at Pú for about ten years ; and, before that, had spent some years in the Moravian mission at Kaelang, in Lahaul, where also Tibetan is spoken. The house he had constructed for himself, or, at least, had supervised the construction of, was small, but it was strongly built, the thick beams having been brought from a distance, and was well fitted to keep out the cold of winter, though not so agreeable as a summer residence. There was a small chapel in his compound, in which service was conducted on Sundays for the benefit of the few Christians, and of any strangers or people of the place who might choose to attend. Christianity has not made much progress at Pú, but this is to be attributed to the entire contentment of the people with their own religion, rather than to any want of zeal or ability on the part of the missionary. Besides himself and his wife, two or three men, with their families, constituted the entire Christian community ; and of these one was the hereditary executioner of Kunáwar, the office having been abolished during the lifetime of his father ; while of another, a true Tibetan, who acted as a house-servant, Mrs. Pagell said that he was a *schande*, or scandal, to the Christian name, from his habits of begging and borrowing money right and left. The good lady's opinion of the people among whom she dwelt, whether Christians or Búdhists, was lower than that of her husband ; and, in particular, she accused them of being very ungrateful. I saw a little to show me that they were so — and even Mr. Pagell admitted that ; but, as a rule, he was inclined to take their part, to regard them in a kindly manner, and to find excuses for their faults — even for their polyandry — in the circumstances of their life. A youth, christened Benjamin, who accompanied us for some days on our further journey, seemed the best of the Christians, and I think he was glad to get away for a time in order to escape from the hateful practice which Mrs. Pagell compelled him to

undergo, of washing his hands and face every morning. In language, dress, religion, and manners, the people are thoroughly Tibetan; and though they are nominally subject to the Rajah of Bussahir, yet their village is so difficult of access that they pay little regard to his commands. Mr. Pagell estimated the population at about six hundred, but I should have thought there were more, and perhaps he meant families. There is so much cultivation at Pú that the place must be tolerably wealthy. During my stay there most of the men were away trading in Chinese Tibet and Ladak, and I could not but admire the wonderful industry of the women. There were some fields before my tent in which they worked literally day and night in order to lose no time in getting the grain cut, and in preparing the ground for a second crop, one of buckwheat. Besides laboring at this the whole day, they returned to their fields after dinner in the evening, and worked there, with the aid of torches of resinous pine-wood, until one or two in the morning. The enormous flocks of blue pigeons must have caused great loss in the grain-harvest. There are vines at Pú, and very good tobacco, but when prepared for smoking it is not properly dried, and remains of a green colour. I found that this tobacco when well sieved, so as to free it from the dust and pieces of stalk, afforded capital smoking-material, and I prefer it to Turkish tobacco.

Mr. Pagell's society assisted me in recovery, and I was soon able to sit up during the day in front of my tent in an easy-chair, with which he furnished me; and on the 30th of July I was able to visit his house. But I knew that my recovery would go on much more rapidly if I could get up to some of the heights above the Suttlej valley. Though Pú is about ten thousand feet high, it is in the Suttlej valley, and has not a very healthy climate in August, so I was anxious to leave it as soon as at all possible. Seeing my weak state, Mr. Pagell kindly offered to accompany me for a few days, and I was glad to have his companionship. On the afternoon of the 5th August we set off for Shipki, in Chinese Tibet, with the design of reaching it in four easy stages. Three hours and a half took us to our first camping-place, on some level ground beyond Dabling, and underneath the village of Dúbling—places the names of which have been transposed by the Trigonometrical Survey. To reach this,

we had to descend from Pú to the Suttlej, and cross that river upon a *sangpa*, or very peculiar kind of wooden bridge. The Suttlej itself is here known to the Tibetans usually by the name of *Sang-po*, or "the river;" and I notice that travellers and map-makers are apt to get confused about these words, sometimes setting down a bridge as "the Sangpa bridge," and a river as "the Sangpo river." I have called the Namtú bridge, as it is named, beneath Pú peculiar; because, though about eighty feet above the stream, which is there over one hundred feet across, it is only about three or four feet broad in the middle, is very shaky, and has no railing of any kind to prevent one going over it, and being lost in the foaming torrent below. A Pú yak once survived a fall from this bridge, being swept into a backwater there is a little way down the stream; but that was a mere chance, and the *Bos grunniens* can stand a great deal of knocking about. These bridges are constructed by large strong beams being pushed over one another, from both sides, until they approach sufficiently to allow of the topmost beams being connected by long planks. So rapid is the river below this bridge that Gerard was unable to fathom it with a 10-lb. lead. The path from it towards the Chinese frontier kept up the left bank of the Suttlej, and not far above it, over tolerably level ground. The pieces of rock in the way were unpleasant for dandy-travelling; but it would take little labour to make a good road from beneath Pú to opposite the junction of the Suttlej and the Spiti river, there being a kind of broad ledge all the way along the left bank of the former stream, but, for the most part, a few hundred feet above it. Though easier for travelling, yet the Suttlej valley became wilder than ever as we advanced up it, though not so chaotic as lower down. On the side opposite to us there were almost perpendicular precipices thousands of feet in height, and the clay and mica-schist strata (interspersed here and there with granite) were twisted in the most grotesque manner. Shortly before, a Pú hunter had been killed by falling over these cliffs when in search of ibex. Above this precipice-wall high peaks were occasionally visible, but in our neighbourhood there was nothing but rocks and precipices, the foaming river, mountain torrents crossing the path, and a few edible pines, junipers, and tufts of fragrant thyme.

On the next day to Khalb, a short journey of four hours, the Sutelj gorge appeared still deeper and narrower. Quartz-rock became more plentiful, and, curiously enough, we passed a vein of very soft limestone. Some of the mountain-streams were rather difficult to pass, and one of them had to be crossed on two poles thrown over it, though to have fallen into the torrent would have been utter destruction. At Khalb there is a most picturesque camping-ground, amid huge granite boulders, and well shaded by pines and junipers. It is opposite and immediately above one of the most extraordinary scenes in the world—the junction of the Sutelj, and the Lee or Spiti River. You cannot get near the junction at all, and there are few points from which you can even see it, so deeply is it sunk between close mural precipices; but you can look down towards it and see that the junction must be there. These two rivers have all the appearance of having cut their way down through hundreds of feet of solid rock strata. Even below the great precipices they seem to have eaten down their way and made deep chasms. I do not venture to say positively that such has been the case; but the phenomena presented are well worthy of the special attention of geologists; because, if these rivers have cut the passages which they appear to have cut, then a good deal more effect may be reasonably ascribed than is usually allowed to the action of water in giving the surface of our globe its present shape. But, though not positive, I am inclined to believe that the Lee and the Sutelj have cut a perpendicular gorge for themselves from a little below Khalb down to the present level of their waters—a distance, roughly speaking, of about twelve hundred feet, and this becomes more credible on considering the structure of the rock. Gerard fell into the mistake (pardonable in his day) of calling it “stratified granite.” Across the Chinese border the mountains are rolling plains of quartz and whitish granite, and probably contain great gold-deposits; but at the confluence of the Spiti River and the Sutelj, the rock is slate and schist strata containing veins and detached blocks of granite and quartz, and also various zeolites. These slates and schists are for the most part rather soft, and the whole strata have been so much disturbed by the process of elevation that they are peculiarly open to the action of disintegrat-

ing influences. The weather has broken it down greatly wherever there is an exposed surface, and extremely rapid rivers might eat their way down into it with considerable ease. Even the veins and blocks of solid granite and quartz which are interspersed among the strata, are calculated to aid rather than to hinder such a process. Though the Himáliya are at once the highest and the most extensive mountains in the world, yet there is some reason to believe that they are among the youngest; and this explains the present state of their narrow deep valleys. Their rivers carry out from them an immense amount of solid matter every year, but the process has not continued long enough to allow of the formation of broad valleys. Hence we have little more in the Himáliya than immense ravines or gorges. A valley there is something like the interior of the letter V, only the farther down you go, the more nearly perpendicular are its sides, while above twelve thousand feet there is some chance of finding open, rounded, grassy slopes. There are also some comparatively open or flat valleys to be found above twelve thousand feet; for at that height, where everything is frozen up during great part of the year, there are no large rivers and no great action of water in any way.

At this junction of the two rivers there is an outstanding end of rock wall, which is pretty sure in course of time to cause a cataclysm similar to what occurred on the Sutelj in the year 1762 below Kundwar province, when a shoulder of a mountain gave way and fell into the gorge, damming up the stream to a height of four hundred feet above its normal level. Similar events have occurred in the upper Indus valley, but these were caused by avalanches of snow or ice. In the case to which I allude, and as will be the case at the junction of the Lee and Sutelj, the fall of a portion of the mountain itself caused the cataclysm; and when the obstruction gave way, which it did suddenly, villages and towns were destroyed by the tremendous rush of water. The Lee is almost as inaccessible and furious as the Sutelj, but it has calm pools, and its water is of a pleasant greenish hue, which contrasts favourably with the turbid, whitish-yellow of the latter stream. I may mention that I have written of the Spiti River as the Lee, or Lf, because it has got by that name into the maps; but it is not so called by the people of the country, and

the name has probably arisen from a confused localizing of it with the village of Lf, or Lfo, which is to be found a short way above the confluence. On both sides of the Chinese border they call the Spiti River the *Mapzja Jzasholmo*. The former of these words means a peacock, but what the connection is I do not know. It must be admitted, however, that Mapzja Jzasholmo are not sounds well fitted to make their way with the general public, so I shall continue to speak of the Lee or Spiti River. I may also be excused from calling the Suttlej the *Langchenkhabad*, or "elephant-mouth-fed" river, which General Cunningham asserts is the Tibetan name for the Suttlej; though all the Tibetans I questioned on the subject spoke of it either as the Sangpo, or as the Singi Sangpo. In fact there seem to be numerous local names for the rivers in that part of the world, and it would be hazardous to insist on any one in particular.

From Khalb there are two ways of getting to Shipki; the one over the Kungma Pass, which is sixteen thousand feet high, and the other up the gorge of the Suttlej, across the face of its precipitous cliffs, and over the dreaded Oopsumg Gorge. The latter road is never used when the snow will at all allow of the high pass being crossed; and—judging from what I saw of it afterwards; from the mountain Lfo Porgyál on the opposite side of the river—it must be nearly as bad as the path from Shaso to Pú. The cliffs, however, on which the path runs must be interesting to the geologist. They are often of a bluish and of a purple colour; they present a brilliant and dazzling appearance from the zeolites with which they abound, and probably have other and rarer minerals. But the Kungma Pass, above the height of Mont Blanc though it be, is the only tolerable way of crossing into Chinese Tibet from Pú; and to toil over a sixteen-thousand-foot pass in one day is not desirable for an invalid, even though starting from a height of about ten thousand feet. So, after procuring yaks and coolies, for the passage into Tartary, from the villages of Khalb and Namgea, we resolved to camp some way up on the pass and to take two days to the business. This can easily be done, because at the height of about 12,500 feet there are a few terraced fields belonging to Namgea, and called Namgea Rizhing, with sufficient room to pitch a small tent upon, and

with plenty of water and bushes fit for firewood.

At this height the air was very pure and exhilarating, but the sun beat upon our tents in the afternoon so as to raise the thermometer within them to 82° Fahrenheit; but, almost immediately after the sun sank behind the Spiti Mountains, the thermometer fell to 60°. I do not think it got much lower, however, for at daybreak it was 54°. Evening brought also a perfect calm, which was most welcome after the violent wind of the day; but the wind rose again during the night, which fortunately does not usually happen in the Himáliya, otherwise existence there in tents would be almost insupportable. From the little shelf on which we camped, as also, to some extent, from Khalb and Namgea beneath, the view was savage and grand beyond description. There *was* a mountain before us, visible in all its terrific majesty. The view up the Spiti valley had a wild beauty of its own, and ended in blue peaks, at this season nearly free from snow; but the surprising scene before us was on the left bank of the Spiti River, and on the right of the Suttlej, or that opposite to which we were. A mountain rose there almost sheer up from the Suttlej, or from nine thousand feet to the height of 22,183 feet, in gigantic walls, towers, and *aiguilles* of cream-coloured granite and quartz, which had all the appearance of marble. At various places a stone might have rolled from the summit of it down into the river, a descent of over thirteen thousand feet. In appearance it was something like Milan Cathedral divested of its loftiest spire, and magnified many million times, until it reached the height of twelve thousand feet; and I either noticed or heard several great falls of rock down its precipitous sides, during the eight days I was on it or in its immediate neighbourhood. Here and there the white rock was streaked with snow, and it was capped by an enormous citadel with small beds of *névé*; but there was very little snow upon the gigantic mass of rock, because the furious winds which forever beat and howl around it allow but little snow to find a resting-place there. At Shipki they told us that even in winter Lfo Porgyál, as this mountain is called, presents much the same appearance as it had when we saw it. Half of it rests on Chinese Tartary, and the other half on Hangrang, a province which was ceded by the Chinese less than a century ago

to the rajah of Bussahir; so that Lfo Porgyül might well be regarded as a great fortress between Iran and Turan, between the dominions of the Aryan and the Tartar race. Even more remarkably than the Kailas, it suggested an inaccessible dwelling-place of the gods; a fortress shaped by hands, but not by human hands. And if the scene was impressive by day, it was absolutely overpowering at night, when the orb of night was slowly rising behind the dark precipices on which we midway stood. While itself unseen, the moon's white light illuminated the deep gorges of the Spiti River, and threw a silvery splendour on the marble-like towers and battlements of Lfo Porgyül. It did not at all appear as if any external light were falling, but rather as if this great castle of the gods, being transparent as alabaster, were lighted up from within, and shone in its own radiance, throwing its supernatural light on the savage scenes around.

The word *ma* in Chinese means a horse, and it is possible that the Kúng-ma may mean the Horse Pass, in contradistinction to the path across the cliffs of the Suttlej along which horses cannot go; but I am by no means sure of this derivation. Be that as it may, horses or some animals are needed on the stiff pull up to the top of it, in a highly rarefied air. Here we found the immense advantage of our yaks, and "the comfort" of riding upon them. They grunted at almost every step, and moved slowly enough, but on they went steadily, seldom stopping to rest. Chota Khan, who had not been provided with a yak, was extremely indignant at the exertion which his large body had to make, and I regretted not having been more liberal towards him. As we got up towards the sixteen-thousand-foot summit, the effect of the rarefied air compelled him to pause at every step, and quite bewildered him. He and one or two other of our people, also, began bleeding at the nose. These phenomena, together with the novel sight of a glacier hanging above us near the top of the pass, had such an effect upon the bold Afghan, that, at one point, he sat down and cried, lamenting his fate and cursing everybody and everything in general, the word *cheitan*, or "devil," being especially conspicuous in his language. That was only a momentary weakness, however; for on getting down the Chinese side of the pass he quite recovered his spirits; he went down rollicking and singing, and was the first to enter the dreaded

Shipki, where some Tartar young women speedily brought him to his bearings and threw him into a state of great perplexity.

It took us nearly ten hours to reach Shipki from Namgea Fields, and we started at four in the morning in order to escape the full effect of the sun's rays when ascending the pass, which involved no rock-climbing, but a continuous and very steep ascent up a cork-screw path, which was the best I had seen since leaving Pangay. Though the air, generally speaking, is quite cool and invigorating at these great elevations, yet the reflected and radiating rock-heat is sometimes exceedingly oppressive; and so powerful are the rays of the sun in summer, that exposure to them, or even to a good reflection of them, will destroy the skin of the hands or face of a European in five minutes or even less. We were all a little ill after crossing this pass, and I ascribe that not so much to the exertion it required, or to the rarefied air, as to the tremendous heat and glare of the sun on the south-east slope down to Shipki, which involves rather more than a mile of perpendicular descent.

A short way before reaching the extreme summit of the pass, we rested for a little on an open brow of the mountain covered with grass and flowers. The view over the Spiti ranges to the north-west was very extensive and striking; for, though it was a land of desolation on which we gazed, it was under an intensely dark-blue sky; it was beautifully coloured with snow, and cloud, and variegated rock, and presented vast ranges of picturesquely-shaped peaks, between two of which the eighteen-thousand-foot Manerung Pass could easily be discerned. Westward, over sections of the Suttlej valley, near Rarang and Pangay, the great peaks and snows of the Indian Kailas mingled with the clouds of the Indian monsoon, which were arrested on its southern side. Behind us, and overhanging us, were glaciers and snowy peaks. Then came the summit of the Kúng-ma Pass; and to the northeast the vast citadel of Lfo Porgyül. Though the view was limited on one side, yet it was much more extensive than any I have seen from any other Himáliyan pass,—even from the Shinkal, which is at least two thousand feet higher. An enormous semicircle was visible of grand precipices, high mountain peaks, and snowy summits, over twenty thousand feet high. Resting on the grass, looking on that beautiful yet awful scene—on the boundless wild of

serrated ridges, rock-needles, mountain battlements, storm-scathed precipices, silvery domes, icy peaks, and snowy spires—and breathing the pure, keen, exhilarating air,—it almost seemed as if, during my illness at Pú, I had indeed passed from the torturing life of earth, and had now alighted upon a more glorious world. But the Namgea women dispelled the illusion by bringing me blue Alpine flowers, reminding me that I was still upon the sad star, the loveliness of which is marred by the dark shadow which hangs over all its sentient and conscious beings. "Our life is crowned with darkness;" and it becomes not those who aspire to be worthy of that crown to seek it prematurely, while those the inclination of whose natures must draw them from the purgatory of earth to a lower and darker world, if their existence is to be continued at all, instinctively cling to the happiest life they can hope to know. But even earthly life, under certain conditions, has its intense enjoyments. It was an immense relief for me, after the Suttlej valley and its shadow of death, to feel my feet on the springy turf of rounded slopes—to find that I had room to move and breathe—and to see the lights and shadows chasing each other over the flowery grass.

Before the last ascent, we passed, beneath a considerable glacier, into a small but deep ravine, just above which there was a camping-place for travellers, but no wood and no water visible, though a stream from the glacier might be heard moving underneath the ground. This camping-place marks the boundary between Kunáwar and the Chinese territory; and from there a gentle ascent, difficult only from the great rarity of the air, took us up to the extreme summit of the Kúngma Pass, where there are the ruins of a Tartar guard-house, at which formerly travellers attempting to cross the Chinese frontier used to be stopped; but as a European traveller makes his appearance at this gate of entrance only once in ten or fifteen years, it was obviously quite unnecessary to keep a permanent guard up there at the inconvenient height of sixteen thousand feet—and so the congenial business of stopping his advance has been deputed to the people of the large village of Shipki, which lies immediately, but nearly six thousand feet below. Fortunately there was hardly any wind; for at these great heights exposure to a high wind for a few minutes may be fatal, so rapidly does it

make the body inanimate. From this guard-house the view towards Tartary was perfectly unclouded and clear. It presented to our view a great expanse of bare and rounded but smooth-looking hills fading away into the elevated rolling plains beyond. The appearance of Tartary is quite different from that of Kunáwar and Spiti, and of the western Himáliya in general. Except down at Shipki not a tree was visible, and there were no high peaks or abrupt precipices. No snow was visible in Tartary beyond Lío Porgyúl, though the Shífrang Mountain, over which the road to Gartop goes, must be about eighteen thousand feet high. The furze on these mountain-plains was here and there of a dark-brown colour; and when Alexander Gerard, a native of Aberdeenshire, saw it from a neighbouring pass in 1818, he was at once struck by the resemblance of the furze to Scotch heather. Even "Caledonia stern and wild," however, has no scenes which could afford any notion of the wild sterility of these Tartar plains, or of the tremendous mass of Lío Porgyúl which flanked them on the immediate left. There is no descent in Scotland either to compare in utter wearisomeness to that of the six thousand feet from the top of the Kúng-ma down to the great village of Shipki, though to do the Chinese justice, they must have expended not a little labour on the rude path which connects the two points. This path was too steep for riding down *comfortably* on a yak; and even Chota Khan, despite his bleeding at the nose, declined the offer which I made him of the use of mine. So I had to endure more than the usual amount of bumping, in my dandy, and of being let fall suddenly and violently on the stony ground, owing to the two coolies in front occasionally coming down by the run. I did, however, manage to get carried down, there being literally no help for it; but the dandywallahs came to Mr. Pagell next day and pathetically showed that gentleman the state of their shoulders.

Chota Khan and one or two more of our servants had gone on in advance to Shipki, with some of the coolies, in order to have the little mountain-tents ready for us on our arrival; but that was not to be accomplished so easily as they expected. Instead of tents, a most amusing scene presented itself when we at last got down. But, in order to understand it, the reader must bear in mind that Shipki is situated on the very steep slope of a hill above a

foaming river, and that it is by no means a place abundant in level ground. In fact there is no level ground at Shipki except the roofs of the houses, which are usually on a level with the streets, and the narrow terraced fields, the entrances to which are guarded by prickly hedges or stone walls, or *chevaux-de-frise* of withered gooseberry-branches. You cannot pitch a tent on a slope covered with big stones, at an angle of about 45°. Neither were the roofs of the houses desirable, because on the roof every house there was a ferocious Tibetan mastiff, roused to the highest pitch of excitement by our arrival, and desiring nothing better than that some stranger should intrude upon his domain. Consequently the terraced fields presented the only available places for our tents, and they were clearly available, many of them being in stubble, while there was no immediate intention of digging up the ground. Of course a terraced field was the place, but here was the difficulty which threw Chota Khan into a state of amazement, perplexity, and wrath. A band of handsome and very powerful young Tartar women, — clad in red or black tunics, loose trousers, and immense cloth boots, into which a child of five years' old might easily have been stuffed — had constituted themselves the guardians of these terraced fields, and whenever Chota Khan or any of his companions attempted to enter, they not only placed their bulky persons in the way, but even showed determined fight. Woman to man, I believe these guardian angels could have given our people a sound thrashing; and I afterwards found it to be a most useful goad for lagging coolies to remark that one Shipki woman could beat two men of Spiti or Lahaul, as the case might be. These angels in big boots were very good-humoured, and seemed to enjoy their little game immensely; but not the less on that account were they pertinacious, and even ferocious, when any attempt was made to get past them. If catching a Tartar be a difficult operation, I should like to know what catching a Tartar young woman must be. When we arrived Mr. Pagell reasoned with them eloquently in fluent Tibetan, and they allowed the force of his argument to the extent of admitting that there was no spot for us at Shipki on which to pitch our tents, except a terraced field; but they parried the obvious conclusion by reminding him that there was a very nice little piece of camping-ground about half-

way up the six thousand feet we had just come down, and that it was little past the middle of the day. I myself tried gently to pass between them, with the most admiring smiles and affectionate demeanour I could summon up for the occasion, and in the circumstances; but though this seemed to amuse them much, it did not at all induce them to allow me to pass; and when we tried other fields, either the same woman or a fresh band opposed our entrance. Meanwhile, groups of men, on the roofs of houses and elsewhere, watched the operations without interfering. It really looked as if the intention was to compel us to go back from Shipki without allowing us to stay there even for a night. There was much ingenuity in this plan of setting the Tartar damsels to prevent our camping. Had we used force towards these young persons, there would have been a fair reason for the men of the place falling upon us in a murderous manner; and Mr. M'Nab, the superintendent of the hill-states, had told me that one of his predecessors in office who tried either to camp at Shipki, or to go farther, very nearly lost his life there. Had I been alone I do not know what might have happened, for, in my weak state, I was beginning to get irritated; and it was fortunate that I was accompanied by Mr. Pagell, who took the matter quite easily, and said it would be necessary to respect the wishes of the people of the country. Fortunately, too, at this juncture, he recognized a Lama, for whom he had formerly done some medical service, and the Lama not only took our part generally, but also offered us a narrow field of his own on which to pitch our tents. There was a disposition on the part of the young Tartars to resist this also, but they were a little too late in making up their minds to do so; for whenever the priest showed my friend the wall which was at the end of his field, our servants and coolies, appreciating the exigency of the occasion, made a rush over it and took immediate possession.

We remained at Shipki that afternoon, the whole of the next day, and the greater part of the day after, making unavailing attempts to provide for further progress into Chinese Tibet. We should have been glad to go very lightly burdened, but none of the coolies or yakmen from Kunáwar would accompany us a step further. They said that their duty to their own state had compelled them to take us across the frontier to Shipki, at great in-

convenience to themselves, for it was their season of harvest, and many of the men of their villages were away travelling on commercial ventures; but that there was no duty resting on them to take us any further, and they were afraid to do so, because they well knew that if they persisted in advancing with us, the Tartars would either fall upon them and kill them then, or do so on some future occasion when their business might take them across the frontier. We had no hold upon the Kunáwar people for a further journey; it would have been most cruel and unjustifiable to have attempted to force them to accompany us, and they would listen to no offers of increased monetary recompense. The Tartars, on the other hand, were still more impracticable. They openly derided the idea of our going on into their country, and would not give us any supplies either of carriage or of food. On the whole they were anything but civil, and at times it looked as if they only wanted a pretext for falling upon us; but at other times they condescended to reason on the matter. They said that they were under express orders from the Lassa government not to allow any Europeans to pass, and that it would be as much as their possessions and their heads were worth to allow us to do so. Death itself would not be the worst which might befall them, as there were certain dreadful modes of death, which I shall presently describe, to which they might be subjected. On my referring to the Treaty of Tientsin, which gives British subjects a right to travel within the dominions of the Celestial Emperor, and mentioning that I had travelled a great deal in China itself, they first said that they had no information of any such treaty having been concluded; and then they ingeniously argued that, though it might allow foreigners to travel in China Proper, yet it did not apply to Tibet, which was no part of China, and only loosely connected with that country. When we pressed them for the reasons of this exclusive policy, they answered that they were not bound to give reasons, having simply to obey orders; but that one obvious reason was, that wherever Englishmen had been allowed entrance into a country they had ended in making a conquest of it. We had landed peaceably on the coast of India, and immediately proceeded to conquer the coast. We then took a little more and a little more, always pretending, in the first instance, to be peaceable travellers and

merchants, until we got up to the country of Runjit Singh, and the next thing heard there was that we had taken Runjit Singh's dominions. Now we wanted to travel in the country of the sacred religion (Lamaism); but the Tibetans knew better than that, and that the only safe course for them, if they wished to preserve their country to themselves, was to keep us out of it altogether. On this we remarked that China had brought trouble on itself by attempting to exclude Europeans, whereas matters had gone smoothly after admitting them, and referred to Japan as an instance of a long-secluded country which had found advantage (I am not sure very much) from admitting Europeans; but they seemed to interpret this as a threat, and replied boisterously, that they might as well be killed fighting us as be killed for letting us pass — there would be some amusement in that; and if ever war came upon them, they were quite willing to engage in war, because, having the true religion, they were certain to conquer. This argument struck the Moravian missionary as especially ridiculous, and in another way it might have done so to an artillery-officer, for a couple of mountain-guns could easily destroy Shipki from the Kúng-ma Pass; but it was not ridiculous in the mouths of these wild Tartar mountaineers, who firmly believe in their extraordinary religion, and whose only experience of warfare has been matchlock-skirmishing on their lofty frontiers with the men of Kunáwar, for whom they have the greatest contempt.

It was curious to find these rude men reasoning thus ingeniously, and it struck me forcibly that though the voice was the voice of the rough Tartar Esau, yet the words were the words of the wily Chinese Jacob. There was something peculiarly Chinese-like also, and far from Tartar, in the way in which they shirked responsibility. Personally they were not at all afraid of being uncivil; but when it came to the question as to who was who, and on whose responsibility they acted, then they became as evasive as possible. Thus, in the matter of supplies, though they at first refused point-blank to let us have any, yet, after a little, they adopted different and still more unpleasant tactics. They said they would let us have a sheep — a small one — for five rupees, which was about double its value. On our agreeing to give five, no sheep appeared; and on our inquiring after it, a message was sent back that we might

have it for six rupees. On six being agreed to, the price was raised to seven, and so on, until it became too apparent that they were only amusing themselves with us. And whenever we reasoned on this subject with an ugly monster who had been put forward—and had put himself forward with a great profession of desire for our comfort—as the official corresponding to the *múkea* or *lambadar*, who looks after the wants of travellers,—he promptly disclaimed all pretensions to having anything to do with such a function, and pointed to another man as the veritable *múkea* to whom we ought to apply. This other man said it was true he was a relative of that functionary, and he would be happy to do anything for us if the head-men of the village would authorize it, but the veritable *múkea* was up with the sheep on the Kúng-ma, and if we found him there on our way back he would, no doubt, supply all our wants. In this way we were banded about from pillar to post without getting satisfaction, or finding responsibility acknowledged anywhere. On the matter being pressed, we were told that the head-men of Shipki were deliberating upon our case; but it was impossible to get any one to acknowledge that he was a head-man, or to find out who and where they were. I think they did supply us with some firewood, and they sold a lamb to Phoolayram and Nurdass, that these Kunaitis might have it killed as their religion requires, not by having the throat cut, but the head cut or hacked off from above, at the neck-joint. That was all they would do, however; and they impounded one of our yaks, on a doubtful charge of trespassing, and only released it on payment of a small sum.

I was particularly anxious to find some official to deal with; but though there were Tartar soldiers about, one of whom we came upon by surprise, it was impossible to get any one to acknowledge that he was an official, or to unearth one anywhere. In an unguarded moment some of the villagers told us that they were ordered by the *tzong-pon*, or "commander of the fort" (*tzong* meaning a fort, and *pon* a general or chief *), not to let us pass; but no fort was visible, or general either; and when we inquired further about this officer, they affected not to know what we were talking about. But the *tzong-pon* at Shipki means the *tzong-pon* of D'zabrug, the governor of

the district. (This place is the Chaprang of Montgomerie's map: it has a fort, and is said to be about eight marches distant from Shipki.) But no one would undertake to forward a letter to the *tzong-pon*, or produce any authority from him for refusing to allow us to proceed further.

For all this I was in a manner prepared, because several attempts had previously been made in vain to enter Chinese Tibet by this door. My object in going to Shipki was simply to see for myself how the frontier-matter stood, and to have a look at Chinese Tartary and Tartars. I never supposed for a moment that, on a first experience of Himálayan travel, and without a basis of operations near the frontier, I could penetrate for any distance into Chinese Tibet; and at the utmost contemplated only the possibility of making a few days' journey across the frontier, though I should have been quite ready to go on all the three months' journey from Shipki to Lassa had the way been at all open. It struck me there was a chance of getting over the frontier-difficulty by going back to Kunáwar, purchasing yaks there, and then recrossing the Kúng-ma and passing Shipki by night; but the time I could have afforded for this experiment had been consumed during the month of my illness at Pú, and I had the alternative before me of either not making such an attempt, or of relinquishing all hope of reaching Kashmir before it was closed for the season, or even of seeing much of the Himálya. I had no hesitation in preferring to go on to Kashmir. It was not as if I were going back in doing so. In point of fact, to go to the Valley of Flowers by the route I selected and followed out, was to plunge into a still more interesting stretch of mountain country, and into remote Tibetan provinces, such as Zanskar, situated at what may fairly be called the very "back of beyond," and practically as secluded from the world and as unknown to the public as the dominion of the Grand Lama itself. It was also very doubtful how far it would be possible to advance into Chinese Tibet by having yaks of one's own and passing Shipki by night, because a few miles beyond that village the road crosses the Sutlej, and the only way of passing that river there is over a bridge which is guarded by Tartar troops. The Kunáwar men told us of this, and they know the country well; for the objection to the entrance of Europeans does not apply to themselves, and in summer they are in

* So also *mak-pon*, a general of troops; *del-pon*, the commander of a boat; *tsik-pon*, an architect; *chir-pon*, a superintendent of stables; and *zol-pon*, a head-cook.

the habit of trading some way into the interior of Chinese Tibet with blankets, sugar, tobacco, and wool, bringing back rock-salt, shawl-wool, and borax. They also mentioned that a few days' journey beyond the frontier, they were exposed to much danger from mounted robbers, there being hardly any villages or houses until they get to D'zabrun, or to Gartop, except a small village within sight of Shipki; and one of them showed us deep scars upon his head, which had been severely cut by these robbers. In travelling among the Himāliya, one must necessarily keep to the roads, such as they are, and the only way of crossing the deep-cut furious rivers is by the bridges which have been thrown across them; so that a bridge with a guard of soldiers would in all probability be an impassable obstacle, except to an armed force. But, once past the Sutlej and on the rolling hills of Tartary it would be possible to wander about freely in many directions. The Shipki people told us that if we persisted in going on without their assistance, they would use force to prevent us, defending this by their favourite argument that they might as well be killed fighting us as be killed letting us pass. Could we have procured even very limited means of conveyance, I, for my part, should have tested this; but I was scarcely able at the time to walk at all; and I have not the least doubt, from their demeanour, that they would have carried out their threat, and would even have been delighted to do so; for it more than once looked as if they only wanted the slightest pretext in order to fall upon us, and were chiefly prevented from doing so by their respect for Mr. Pagell as a teacher of religion and a dispenser of medicines. We might safely conclude, then, that the soldiers at the bridge would be equally intractable; and it is difficult to say what one might meet with in the country beyond—how soon one might be robbed of everything, and find one's head adorning the pole of a nomad's tent. The Abbé Desgodins, who lived for some time in the Lassa territory towards the Chinese frontier, asserts that the Tartar of that country takes great pleasure, when he has an enemy, in persuading that enemy that he is quite reconciled to him, in asking him to a generous dinner, and in suddenly firing a bullet into his enemy's stomach, when that deluded individual is supposed to have reached the moment of repletion. If such be the way in which the inhab-

itants of the country of the sacred religion treat their friends, it can easily be imagined that, when they fell in with a stranger, they would not even be at the expense of providing a good dinner for him, unless that were absolutely necessary to throw him off his guard. No doubt it is only a portion of the population which are in the habit of indulging in such hospitality; but the difficulty would be to distinguish between that portion and the more respectable inhabitants. Two or three years ago the tribute which is annually sent up from Nepal to Lassa, was seized and appropriated by Tartars on the way; and on their being told that it was for the Lassa government, they replied that they did not care for any government. Possibly such rovers might be afraid to meddle with Europeans, but that could not be relied on; and it would be almost impossible for one or two travellers to secure themselves against a night-attack.

Hence, if the explorer gets beyond Shipki, and beyond the bridge over the Sutlej, it does not necessarily follow that he will reach D'zabrun or anywhere else; but I expect the bridge will be his main difficulty, and I have heard of an amusing story connected with a bridge—of an officer who attempted to enter Chinese Tibet at some other point. He managed to give the guard on the frontier the slip at night, and was happily pursuing his way next morning, congratulating himself on having entered into the forbidden land, when he was overtaken by a portion of the guard, who politely intimated that since they saw he was determined to go, they would make no more objection to his doing so, only they would accompany him, in order to protect him from robbers. This arrangement worked very well for a few hours, until they came to a deep-sunk river and a rope bridge—one of those bridges in which you are placed in a basket, which is slung from a rope, and so pulled along that rope by another and a double rope, which allows of the basket being worked from either side. Over this river some of the Tartars passed first, in order to show that the conveyance was warranted not to break down; and then our traveller himself got into the basket, and was pulled along. So far everything had gone on well; but, when he had got half-way across the river, his protectors ceased to pull, sat down, lighted their pipes, and looked at him as they might at an interesting ob-

ject which had been provided for their contemplation. "Pull!" he cried out, "pull!" on which they nodded their heads approvingly, but sat still and smoked their pipes. "D—n it, pull, will you? *pull!*" he cried out again, becoming weary of the basket; and then he tried all the equivalents for "pull" in all the Eastern languages he knew; but the more he cried out, the more the Tartars smoked their silver pipes and nodded their heads, like Chinese porcelain mandarins. They interfered, however, to prevent his pulling himself one way or another; and, after keeping him suspended in the basket till night, and he was almost frozen to death, they made an agreement, through a Tibetan-speaking attendant, that they would pull him back if he would promise to recross the frontier.

If half the stories be true which Mr. Pagell has heard from Lamas of the punishments inflicted in Chinese Tibet, it is no wonder that the people of that country are extremely afraid of disobeying the orders of the government whenever they are so situated as to be within the reach of government officers. Crucifying, ripping open the body, pressing and cutting out the eyes, are by no means the worst of these punishments. One mode of putting to death, which is sometimes inflicted, struck me as about the most frightful instance of diabolical cruelty I had ever heard of, and worse than anything portrayed in the old chamber of horrors at Canton. The criminal is buried in the ground up to the neck, and the ground is trampled on round him sufficiently to prevent him moving hand or foot, though not so as to prevent his breathing with tolerable freedom. His mouth is then forced open, and an iron or wooden spike, sharpened at both ends, is carefully placed in it so that he cannot close his mouth again. Nor is the torture confined to leaving him to perish in that miserable condition. Ants, beetles, and other insects are collected and driven to take refuge in his mouth, nostrils, ears, and eyes. Can the imagination conceive of anything more dreadful? Even the writhing caused by pain, which affords some relief, is here impossible except just at the neck; and a guard being placed over the victim, he is left to be thus tortured by insects until he expires. The frame of mind which can devise and execute such atrocities is almost inconceivable to the European; and we must hope that a punishment of this kind is

held *in terrorem* over the Tibetans, rather than actually inflicted. But I am afraid it is put in force; and we know too much of Chinese and Tartar cruelties to think there is any improbability in its being so. It is certain that the Turanian race is remarkably obtuse-nerved and insensible to pain, which goes some way to account for the cruelty of its punishments; but that cannot justify them. In other ways, also, Tartar discipline must be very rigorous. Gerard was told that where there is a regular horse-post—as between Lassa and Gartop—"the bundle is sealed fast to the rider, who is again sealed to his horse; and no inconvenience, however great, admits of his dismounting until he reaches the relief-stage, where the seal is examined!" I heard something about men being sealed up this way for a ride of twenty-four hours; and if that be true, the horses must have as much endurance as the men.

The question arises why it is that the Lassa authorities are so extremely anxious to keep all Europeans out of their country. The Tibetans lay the blame of this on the Chinese mandarins, and the mandarins on Lamas and the people of Tibet; but they appear all to combine in insuring the result. This is the more remarkable, because the Lama country is not one with which Europeans are in contact, or one which they are pressing on in any way. It is pretty well *défendu* naturally, owing to the almost impassable deserts and great mountains by which it is surrounded; and it has by no means such an amount of fertile land as to make it a desirable object of conquest as a revenue-bearing province. The reason assigned, by letter, in 1870 to the Abbé Desgodins, by the two legates at Lassa—the one representing the emperor of China, and the other the Grand Lama—for refusing to allow him to enter Tibet, was as follows: "*Les contrées tibétaines sont consacrées aux supplications et aux prières; la religion jaune est fondée sur la justice et la droite raison; elle est adoptée depuis un grand nombre de siècles; on ne doit donc pas prêcher dans ces contrées une religion étrangère; nos peuples ne doivent avoir aucun rapport aux hommes des autres royaumes.*" This, however, is evasive; and, though they are different in the east of Tibet, the Lamas at Shipki made not the least objection to Mr. Pagell preaching as much as he liked; they argued with him in quite an amicable manner, and afforded us protection.

Is it possible that the gold—or, to speak more generally, the mineral—deposits in Tibet may have something to do with the extreme anxiety of the Chinese to keep us out of that country? They must know that, without some attraction of the kind, only a few adventurous missionaries and travellers would think of going into so sterile a country, which can yield but little trade, and which is in many parts infested by bands of hardy and marauding horsemen. But the mandarins have quite enough information to be well aware that if it were known in Europe and America that large gold-fields existed in Tibet, and that the *auri sacra fames* might there, for a time at least, be fully appeased, no supplications, or prayers either, would suffice to prevent a rush into it of occidental rowdies; and that thus an energetic and boisterous white community might soon be established to the west of the Flowery Land, and would give infinite trouble, both by enforcing the right of passage through China, and by threatening it directly.

That there is gold in Chinese Tibet does not admit of a doubt; and, in all probability, it could be procured there in large quantities were the knowledge and appliances of California and Australia set to work in search of it. In the Suttlej valley, it is at the Chinese border that the clay-slates, mica-schists, and gneiss give way to quartz and exceedingly quartzose granite—the rocks which most abound in gold. The rolling hills across the frontier are similar in structure to those which lead to the Californian Sierra Nevada, and are probably composed of granite gravel. In our Himáliya, and in that of the native states tributary to us, there is not much granite or quartz, and gneiss is the predominant rock of the higher peaks and ranges. But granite (and, to a less degree, trap) has been the elevating power. There has been a considerable outburst of granite at Gangotri and Kiddermath, and the consequence is that gold is found, though in small quantities, in the streams beneath. Among this great range of mountains there are various rivers,

Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold.

The district of Gunjarat in the Hindú Kúsh, northeast of the Chittral valley, is named on account of its gold. Kafiristan, in the same direction, produces gold, which is made into ornaments and utensils. Badakshan is celebrated for its veins of the precious metal, as well as

for its rubies and lapis lazuli. Also at Fauladut, near Bamian, and in the hills of Istalif north of Kaubul, gold is found. It is washed out of the upper bed of the Indus in certain parts where that bed is accessible, and also from the sands of the Indus immediately after it emerges at Torbéla on to the Panjáb plain. We have it, too, in the bed of the Chayok River. Gold is also washed out of the bed of the Suttlej, a little below Kotghar, where the people can get down to that bed. Now, where does that latter gold come from? We may go a long way up the Suttlej before finding rocks likely to produce any of that metal, unless in the minutest quantities; but advance up that river to the Chinese frontier and we come upon a stretch of country which is extremely likely to be the matrix of vast gold-deposits. Great quantities of gold may be washed out of that region by the Suttlej, and yet not much of it finds its way below Kotghar, because so heavy a metal soon sinks into the bed of the stream. Nor does this supposition depend entirely upon my unsupported geological conjecture; because it is well known to the Kunáwar people that gold is found in Tibet, not very far from Shipki. The largest of these gold-fields are at Shok Jalung, the Thok Jalung of Major Montgomerie, which is in lat. $32^{\circ} 24m.$, and long. $81^{\circ} 37m.$, at a height described as about sixteen thousand feet. But there are many more of them, especially about Damú, near the Suttlej, not far from its source, and at Gartop, close to the Indus. The fact that not only gold-washings but even gold-mines are reported to exist in that part of the country between the two rivers, affords pretty conclusive proof, when taken in connection with the geological aspect of the hills, so far as can be seen from the Kúng-ma Pass, that the western part at least of Chinese Tibet has important gold-fields. Of course the people there have no means of working their mines effectually, and the Lama religion does not encourage the search for precious metals; but it would be very different if the appliances of civilization were brought to bear on the matter. Besides gold, Chinese Tibet possesses silver, mercury, iron, cinnabar, nitre, lapis lazuli, borax, and rock-salt. The quantity of turquoises which it can turn out appears to be almost unlimited, and the women of all the Himáliya richly ornament their hair and dress with these gems—those about the size of a hazel-nut being the most common. It is doubtful,

however, whether the metals enumerated above are to be found in the country to any great extent, though there is no reason to suppose that some of them may not be so. A most serious want is that of fuel. It is quite unlikely that there is any coal, and wood is extremely scarce. On the east side there are great forests here and there; but, on the elevated plains of the west, the Tartars have to depend for their fires almost entirely on furze and the droppings of their flocks. This must create a serious obstacle in the way of working mines, and of a mining population existing at such a height; but if only gold exists up there in great abundance, it is an obstacle which might be profitably overcome by the resources of modern science.

There is no less reason to believe that Eastern Tibet abounds in the precious metals. The Abbé Desgodins writes that "*le sable d'or se trouve dans toutes les rivières et même dans les petits ruisseaux du Thibet oriental*;" and he mentions that in the town of Bathan, or Batan, with which he was personally acquainted, about twenty persons were regularly occupied in secretly washing for gold, contrary to the severe laws of the country. At other places many hundreds engaged in the same occupation. He also mentions five gold-mines and three silver-mines as worked in the Tchong-tien province in the upper Yangtse valley; and in the valley of the Meykong River there are seven mines of gold, eight of silver, and several more of other metals. He also mentions a large number of other districts, in each of which there is quite a number of gold and silver mines, besides mines of mercury, iron, and copper. It is no wonder, then, that a Chinese proverb speaks of Tibet as being at once the most elevated and the richest country in the world, and that the mandarins are so anxious to keep Europeans out of it. If the richest mineral treasures in the world lie there, as we have so much reason to suppose, there is abundant reason why strangers should be kept out of it, and why it should be kept sacred for the yellow religion, for supplications and prayers.

The area of Tibet is partly a matter of conjecture, and the best geographers set it down as between six and seven hundred thousand square miles, with a very conjectural population of ten millions. With Mongolia on the north; Turkestan, Kunáwar, and the mountainous dependencies of Kashmir on the west; Nepal,

Sikkim, and Bhotan, with their Himáliya, on the south; and the Chinese province of Yunnan on the east,—it is about as well lifted out of and defended from the world as any country could be; and although Lassa is about the same latitude as Cairo and New Orleans, yet the great elevation of the whole country (which may be roughly called a table-land of from fifteen thousand to sixteen thousand feet high) gives it almost an arctic climate. The great cluster of mountains called the Thibetan Kailas (the height of which remains unascertained, and some of the peaks of which may be even higher than Gaurisankar) well deserves to be called the centre of the world. It is, at least, the greatest centre of elevation, and the point from whence flow the Sutlej, the Indus, and the Brahmaputra; while to Tibet, meaning by that word the whole country in which Tibetan is spoken, we may ascribe most of the rivers of the Panjáb, and also the Jumna, the Ganges, the Irrawaddi, the Yang-tse, and even the Hoang-Ho, or great Yellow River. The pass at Shipki, over which I crossed, is one of the lowest of the passes into Chinese Tibet. There is another and more difficult pass close to it, about 12,500 feet high; but the others are of great height, and the Mana Pass, between Tibet and Gurwhal, is 18,570 feet. Though Lassa is the capital of the whole country, Teshu Lambu, said to have a population of about fifty thousand, is the capital of the western division of Chinese Tibet, and is the residence of the Bogda Lama, the highest spiritual authority after the Grand Lama.

The young persons of Shipki had none of the shamefacedness of the women of India. They would come and sit down before our tents and laugh at us, or talk with us. It was quite evident that we were a source of great amusement to them. They were certainly rather robust than beautiful; but one girl, who had come from the other side of Lassa, would have been very good-looking had she been well washed. This Tartar beauty had a well-formed head, regular features, and a reddish-brown complexion. She was expensively adorned, and was probably the relative of some official who thought it best to keep in the background. In fact, she was very handsome indeed, lively and good-humoured; but there was the slight drawback that her face had never been washed since the day of her birth. Another

young girl belonging to Shipki tempted some of our Namgea men into a mild flirtation; but whenever they offered to touch her it was a matter of tooth and nails at once. Mr. Pagell's conversation with the people on the subject of religion was well enough received, though his statements were not allowed to go uncontroverted, and his medical advice was much preferred. In talking with us, the men were rather rude in their manner, and, after staying for a little, they would suddenly go away, laughing, and slapping their persons in a way that was far from respectful.

Both men and women wore long tunics and loose trousers, a reddish colour being predominant, and also large cloth Tartar boots; but during the heat of the day many of both sexes dispensed with the boots, and some of the men appeared with the upper part of their bodies entirely naked. All the men had pig-tails, and they wore caps like the ordinary Chinese skull-caps, though, from dirt and perspiration, the original colour and ornamentation were not distinguishable. The women had some pig-tails, some plaits, and were richly ornamented with turquoises, opals, pieces of amber, shells (often made into immense bracelets), corals, and gold and silver amulets; while the men had metal pipes, knives, and ornamented daggers stuck in their girdles. The oblique eye and prominent cheek-bones were noticeable, though not in very marked development; and though the noses were thick and muscular, they were sometimes straight or aquiline. The bodies were well developed, large, and strong; but the men struck me as disproportionally taller than the women. The weather being warm, hardly any one appeared in sheepskins, and most of their garments were of thick woollen stuff, though the girl from beyond Lassa wore a tunic of the ordinary thick, glazed, black, Chinese-made flaxen cloth. We did not obtain permission to enter any of their houses, which were strongly built and roofed of stone, but saw sufficient to indicate that these were dark uncleanly habitations, almost devoid of furniture.

Shipki is a large village in the sub-district of Rongchung, with a number of terraced fields, apricot-trees, apple-trees, and gooseberry-bushes. It is watered by streams artificially led to it from the glaciers and snow-beds to the south-west of the Kung-ma Pass, where there are great walls of snow and snowy peaks about twenty thousand feet high. Twenty-four

of its *zemindars*, or proprietors of land, pay a tax amounting to £5 yearly to the government, and the remainder pay smaller sums. The population numbers about two thousand, and they have not exactly the typical Tartar countenance, though with clearly-marked Tartar characteristics, and there were two or three strangers among them whose features were purely Turanian. The people of Shipki have a striking resemblance to the country Chinese of the province of Shantung, and they were large, able-bodied, and rather brutal in their manners,—not a trace of Chinese formality or politeness being apparent. The village is separated into several divisions; the houses are not close together, and the steep paths between them are execrable, being little more than stairs of rock with huge steps. The gooseberry-bushes, however, gave a pleasant appearance to the place, and the unripe berries promised to reach a considerable size. Of course the whole district is almost perfectly rainless, and the air is so dry as to crack the skin of Europeans. It must get very little sun in winter, and be excessively cold at that season; but in summer the climate is mild, and hottish during the day. The thermometer outside my tent was 56° at sunrise; but it was 84° Fahr. at 2 P.M. inside the tent, with a breeze blowing through. The bed of the Sutlej near Shipki is about ninety-five hundred feet high, which is a remarkable elevation for so large a river.

Finding it hopeless to pass Shipki, at all events without going back to Kunáwar, and purchasing yaks of my own, I determined to proceed to Kashmir, high up along the whole line of the western Himáliya; and, indeed, I did not manage to reach that country a day too soon, for I narrowly escaped being snowed up for the winter in the almost unknown province of Zanskar. Mr. Pagell also acknowledged the hopelessness of attempting to proceed farther into the dominions of the Grand Lama, so we left Shipki on the afternoon of the 10th August; and though the thermometer had been at 82° in our tents shortly before starting, we camped that night with it at 57° before sunset in a pure bracing atmosphere at the Shipki Rizhing, or Shipki Fields, about twenty-five hundred feet higher up on the Kung-ma Pass, but on the eastern side of it, and still within the Chinese border. Here we had a remarkable example of the courage and ferocity of the Tartars. On leaving the outskirts

of Shipki, our coolies had plucked and taken away with them some unripe apples; and at the Shipki Rizhing, where there are no houses, only an empty unroofed hut or two for herdsmen, a solitary Tartar made his appearance, and observing the apples, declared that they were his, and, abusing the coolies for taking them, straightway fell upon the man in possession of them, tore that individual's hair, and knocked him about in the most savage manner. Though there were over twenty of the Kunáwar men looking on, and several of them were implicated in the theft, if such it might be called, yet none of them ventured to interfere; and their companion might have received serious injury, had not Chota Khan, who was always ready for a fray of the kind, gone in and separated the two. Now this was between two and three thousand feet above the village, and I doubt if there were any other Tartars about the spot, except one other man who had come to see us off the premises. Ferocity is much admired in Chinese Tibet; and in order to create it, the people are fond of eating what they ironically call "still meat," or meat with maggots in it. We heard also, that, to the same end, they give a very curious pap to their infants. Meat, cut into thin slices, is dried in the sun and ground into powder; it is then mixed with fresh blood and put into a cotton cloth, and so given to the *enfant terrible* to suck. Mixtures such as this, combined with half-raw flesh, sundried flesh, and, where there is cultivation, with girdle-cakes of wheat, buckwheat, and barley, must make a pretty strong diet even for the seniors, and one well-fitted to produce endurance and courage. It is to be hoped the milk (of mares and other animals) which the nomad Tartars so largely imbibe, may have some effect in mollifying the ferocity of their spirits. It is very extraordinary that the Chinese, who are a Tartar people and must have descended at one time from the "Land of grass," should so entirely eschew the use of milk in every shape. For long there was a difficulty in getting even a sufficiency of that liquid for the use of the foreigners at the open ports in China; and I have heard of a ship-captain at Whampoa, on blowing up his *comprador* for not having brought him any milk, receiving the indignant answer—"That pig hab killo, that dog hab weillo (run away), that woman hab catchee cheillo—how then can catchee milk?" A Lama at Kaelang,

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on being spoken to on this subject, admitted that he had observed that even at Lassa the pure Chinese did not take any milk; and he said the reason they gave for not doing so was, that milk makes people stupid. I fancy there is some truth in that assertion; but possibly the Chinese may have got the idea from the fact that the Tartars, who are necessarily milk-drinkers and eaters of dried milk and butter-milk, are a very stupid people. Sir Alexander Burnes mentions a similar opinion as existing in Sind in regard to the effects of fish. There, a fish diet is believed to destroy the mind; and in palliation of ignorance or stupidity in any one, it is often pleaded that "he is but a fish-eater." Yet this diet, more than any other, if our modern *savants* can be trusted, supplies the brain with phosphorus and thought, so it is calculated to make people the reverse of stupid.

The next day we started before daylight, and camped again at Namgea Fields. The view over Tartary, from the summit of the pass, was somewhat obscured by the rising sun, which cast on it a confusing roseate light; but the great outlines of the rolling hills and windy steppes were visible. I should be glad to try Chinese Tibet again, and in a more serious way; but meanwhile I had all the Western Himáliya before me, from Lío Porgyúl to the twenty-six-thousand-feet peak of Nunga Parbat, besides the Afghan border, and I had satisfied my immediate purpose by seeing some of the primitive Turanians, and looking on their wild, high, mountain home.

From The Spectator.

DEAD DUTCH CITIES.*

THE belief which one hears constantly expressed in French society that Prince Bismarck means to "*accaparer*" Holland before long, so that the German Empire may possess the two things wanting to complete its supremacy and secure its future,—a fine seaboard and rich colonies,—and that the stream of German emigration may be no longer for the sole profit of the United States and our Colonial Empire, has led to an uprising of curiosity in France concerning the rich and quiet country which has had a pretty good spell of prosperous obscurity.

* *Voyage Pittoresque aux Villes Mortes du Zuiderz. Par M. Henry Havard. Paris: E. Pion et Cie.*

Dutch linen, Dutch pictures, and Dutch pottery have always been appreciated in France, but with no more local interest or association than the Japanese *bibelots*, which, though immensely fashionable, do not inspire people with a desire to read about Kioto. The summary of Voltaire, when he wrote, "*Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille!*" has done very well for the French people until now, when Holland has become invested with the attraction of a neighbour who

feels a pain

Just in the part where we complain.

and M. Henry Havard's "*Voyage Pittoresque*" is in great demand.

The Dutch themselves know very little of the silent cities on the Zuyderzee, an ignorance which M. Havard attributes partly to their "*exclusivisme de clocher*," or as we should call it, their parochialism, and partly to the deterrent difficulties of a voyage for which no regular provision exists, and whose primary requirements are troublesome. The traveller must hire a vessel and engage a crew. The vessel must be one which draws very little water, and yet large enough to live in, to cook in, and to carry sufficient provisions for twenty-five or thirty days; for, with the exception of bread and some fresh vegetables, which may be taken in occasionally during the voyage, he must not calculate upon the resources of the country. He must be especially careful to carry a plentiful supply of water; he will not find any in North Holland and Friesland which is not exceedingly unpleasant to the taste, and pernicious to the health of persons who are unaccustomed to it.

The question of a crew is not easily solved either, for the skippers of the Zuyderzee are accustomed to navigate its waters piecemeal, in consequence of certain regulations which expose them to new taxes if they stray out of their beat; hence, there are many ships' crews who are born, who live, and who die on the Zuyderzee, without ever having sailed all around it. M. Havard and his friend Mynheer Van Heemskerck—who illustrates his book—procured a *tjalk* which drew only three feet of water, and whose skipper, an austere *Réformé*, who had never made the complete voyage, but much wished to do so, made very simple conditions with them. "With the help of God, and a good wind," said the *Réformé*, "we shall do well. I make two conditions. I

am to be the judge of the weather; that is to say, in case of a storm, I am to have the right to refuse to put to sea; and I am not to work on Sundays." The bargain was made, and the travellers set sail from Amsterdam, with the conscientious skipper, his wife, his child, and a young sailor lad, on the newest of seas, whose shores were once crowned with wealthy and powerful cities, to visit those cities in their silent, grey old age; "to see Medemblik and Stavoren before the grass has grown over their walls, and their names are effaced from the map of the Low Countries."

This picturesque voyage is very interesting and pleasant to follow, described as it is, with frank enthusiastic admiration, frequently touched with comical vexation because the author finds so few to share it. The phlegmatic and positive Dutchmen try his temper severely; he flies for relief to the beauty of the scenes, which they do not understand, and revels in visions of the "Zee" when it was not a sea, but a vast plain covered with forests, in which "wolves and bears disputed the scanty resources of the chase with man;" and of the "Y" as it shall be in the not far distant future, when "in the place of this liquid plain shall be flowery pasture for droves of the fine black and white cattle of Holland; when a simple canal shall replace the little sea, dried up by modern industry." The great dams of Schellingwoude, through whose immense gates five ships may sail abreast, delight him,—he can compare them only with those of Trolhætta, in Sweden. The *tjalk* passes through the dykes together with the little fishing fleet returning to the island of Marken, having discharged their cargo of anchovies, and is fairly afloat on the gulf, which has no tameness or sameness in the eyes of M. Havard—feasted on its varying colour—and of whose shore he says:—

That uninterrupted flat band of verdure, stretching itself out far beyond our sight, produces an impression full of tenderness, and rests one's mind. In the presence of that endless horizontal line, one feels no need of thought, no strength for action; a strange feeling comes over one, a sense of supreme tranquillity takes hold of one; the mind sinks into reverie, and one understands how it is that a race which has gazed on this spectacle for centuries has subsided from its original violence and impetuosity into a state of reflection and calm. In a short time we can distinguish the roofs of the houses, and the spire

of the church of Marken; then the pretty villages perched upon slight eminences; lastly, the entire island, which looks like an immense green raft, adrift upon a grey sea. The houses become more distinct, their deep colour stands out strongly against the light blue of the sky; black, red, and green are the prevailing tones, and they lend strength, indeed almost violence, to the picture. What delight to the artist is this marvellous colouring of nature! In beholding such spectacles, we readily understand how it is that Holland has produced such great colourists.

The island of Marken, where the men are never at home except on Sundays, where nobody is rich and nobody is poor, where everybody is healthy and all the children are handsome, where people habitually live to eighty years, where no foreign admixture of blood has ever taken place, and which has not for many years been invaded from the mainland except by the doctor, the preacher, and the school-master, must be a strange place to see. The description of it, and indeed that of the other dead cities, remind the reader constantly of Mr. Morris's lines:—

No vain desire of unknown things
Shall vex you there, no hope or fear
Of that which never draweth near;
But in that lovely land and still
Ye may remember what ye will,
And what ye will forgo for aye.

There is nothing but the wonderful contrasts and contradictions which time has worked out to remind the traveller of the Dutch and of Mr. Motley. The study of those picturesque histories of his would be impressive here, where there is no trace of the historic past in the life of the people, except it be found in the unexpected stores of ancient objects of art, carefully kept indeed, but hardly comprehended,—Japanese porcelain and Delft vases, richly embroidered house-linen, of great age, and chests and wardrobes rich with the priceless carving of the artists of the grand old days. The present is very quaint and peaceful, secluded and unknown. Of the Markmaars, who even at Amsterdam are held to be a kind of savages, M. Havard gives an attractive account. He dwells particularly upon the respective costumes of the men and women, which are precisely similar to those worn three centuries ago, and are specially remarkable for their brilliant colouring. The people have simple, cordial manners, not lacking dignity. Here is a characteristic anecdote:—

One day Van Heemskerck was sketching the little church of Marken and the adjacent houses. An old man drew near, and gazed long upon my friend's work. At length he said, "You are painting my house. I was born there, and my father before me, there also my children came into the world, and a little while ago my grandson. I think the house is beautiful, because it is full of remembrances, but I never should have thought that another person would think it beautiful and worthy of being painted. You do it honour."

The somnolence of Monnikendam equals its picturesqueness. The town is an assemblage of great trees and small houses, of red and green; the pavement is of yellow bricks, the façades, centuries old, look as if the sculptor had desisted from his task but yesterday. Only the once splendid but now deserted church is older than the year 1515, when the ancient city was destroyed by fire; its vacant vastness would be a world too wide for the dwellers in the present city, where the arrival of the two strangers was a great event. The streets are deserted and the canals devoid of traffic. "The trees and the houses, alike bending forward, are reflected in the slumbering water, and seem to share its slumber. The demeanour of the inhabitants is marked by a majestic calm. Young and old, men and women, all seem half asleep, as though they were economizing life by taking it slowly. Looking upon this quietude, so nearly death, it is difficult to believe that Monnikendam was one of the twenty-nine cities of Holland when the Hague was only a burgh, and that it enjoyed in that capacity privileges which were denied to the seat of the government." Of Vollendam and Edam we have similar pictures, but in both instances cheeses intrude, and lend at least some commercial vivacity to the sketch; of Hoorn, and its grand monumental Eastern Gate, and beautiful old houses, rich in carving and colour, a charming description, of its historic glories a vivid *résumé*, and of its actual condition some comical illustrations. Enkhuysen (Paul Potter's native place) is a spectacle of desolation, and its inhabitants forced the strangers to depart, because M. Havard was a Frenchman, and a fisherman from the town had once been imprisoned for six months at Havre for a proven offence! The once famous Medemblik is a mouldering tomb for the half-dead inhabitants, surrounded by monotonous, endless grasslands. The municipal council has recently sold the splendid wood-

carvings of the *Stadthuis* to a collector at the Hague, and demolished the majestic towers of the antique castle which stands at the entrance of the port, and is one of the most ancient relics in the Low Countries.

From Medemblik the travellers made an excursion across North Holland by land, passing through numberless pretty villages, where not only the houses, but the trees and the brick-paved ground are all painted in bright colours, sky-blue being very fashionable for the trees. By this bit of information, the author clears up the mystery of the Dutch toys. The variegated trees and the tartan farm-houses are evidently copied from nature as seen in North Holland. During this portion of the book we find ourselves among rising, not decaying towns, and have an interesting account of the Dutch fleet and the naval system of Holland. The brief interval of animation is pleasant, but we take to the *tjalk* again as readily as did the travellers, and accompany them with ever-increasing interest in their visits to the dead cities of old Friesland. The most interesting and important chapter in the book is devoted to the most ancient of those cities, Stavoren, once so splendid that it is recorded that "the vestibules of its houses were gilded, and the pillars of its palaces were of massive gold." Its name was celebrated throughout Europe, and its jurisdiction extended to Nimeguen. To-day it consists of about a hundred houses, "half of them falling into a ruinous condition, and not one among them which could recall even vaguely the palaces which once were crowded together within its walls. These mean dwellings border the two sides of a wide and deep canal, and the gaps in their ranks increase in number year after year. Stavoren is no longer even a village; it is a cemetery, and its five hundred inhabitants are like troubled spirits come back to mourn the extinct splendour of their country and the past greatness of their kings."

From The Saturday Review.

VICISSITUDES OF RITUAL.

THE poet Daniel complained in his day of the extremes and vicissitudes to which religion in all external matters was subjected. "Sacred Religion, mother of form and fear!" At one time she sits gorgeously decked and is made to wear

pompous vestures; at another she is left "all plain, all quite threadbare" —

Thou must have all within and nought without.

Yet, if we look into the subject, we shall find that a feeling for ritual has never been entirely suppressed; there have always existed ideas of duty as to the mode of service apart from its matter; the eye and the ear always have demanded to share with the intellect the pleasures and solemnities of devotion. Every period has found some method of gratifying this demand, and has had its critics and censors when it was not satisfied. There have been times when elocution had the weight and responsibility of satisfying these requirements all to itself; when ritual (that is, solemnly ceremonious) reading — reading distinguished by certain sacred peculiarities of pronunciation — was considered fully equal to the task of keeping a congregation's religious emotions up to a devout pitch, especially when this delivery was supported by an "expressive voice, decent behaviour, and comely erection of body." The Dissenters yielded to the same influences. Their awkward emphasis was criticised indeed — their sudden jumps of voice from low to high; but their aim was the same, and the charm of correctness when it happened to come in their way told upon them with the same exciting and stimulating force. "I once mentioned," says Dr. Johnson, "the reputation which Mr. Foster had gained by his proper delivery to my friend Dr. Haworth, who told me that in the art of pronunciation he was far inferior to Dr. Watts. The correctness of his pronunciation and the elegance of his diction are said to have contributed to his uncommon popularity as a preacher." It was on these points that all sides were alike vigilant. Dr. Watts wrote a book to impress on his readers such points as that Sarah was not to be pronounced *Sarey*, nor Esther *Eastur*, nor St. Paul's Church *Poles's*. The Essayists were busy on their side against the inroad of slovenliness threatened by the tribe of young "Sophisters," who said "absolves" instead of "absolveth," and who were caricatured as sliding over the prayer for the royal family with glib familiarity — *endue'um*, *enrich'um*, *prosper'um*, and *bring'um*. Cowper, jealous of forms, took a contrary side; he is as severe on fine reading as

he would be in these days on a procession — the reading which

gives to prayer
The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.

Certain traditions of ecclesiastical reading lingered long into this century; for instance, *could*, *would*, and *should*, all having the *l* fully pronounced, *should*, *would*, &c. The last relic of sacred emphasis lingers in the *ed* — the last syllable of the participle — always accented by the older generation.

It was through the medium of fine reading that a good deal of emotional evanescent piety vented itself. A parson who in other respects did little credit to his cloth, as the phrase then was, was regarded indulgently, and regarded himself in the same favourable light, if, like the Rev. Ozias Linley, commemorated by Mr. Sinclair, he delighted to expatiate on the beauty of the Book of Common Prayer, if he repeated verses in the *Te Deum* "with a solemnity Kemble might have envied," and could periodically break down in the reading of the lessons as some particularly sounding or touching passage came round in its course. Such emotions — and they always exist — work themselves out in other ways with us. No voice falters over the lessons now; or at least we may be sure it is a very old one. Such effects require a chord of sympathy between reader and hearer which only existed in a former generation. We have heard of a rector of a town parish so celebrated for his voice and delivery that the more serious commercial travellers used to arrange their circuits so as to spend Sunday within the sound of these good gifts, for the avowed purpose, indeed, of hearing Dr. So-and-so read the Commandments; more especially of listening for the grand roll of that "remember" which ushers in the fourth, and of thrilling under the reverberations which echoed through the vaulted roof.

Perhaps pews were a necessary accompaniment of fine reading. There was a time when they had their ceremonial aspect. Swift, among the inconveniences of rude country life, reckons a church without pews. Crabbe notes the retirement of the pews as an adjunct of devotion: —

We in comfort prayed;
Then none molested in the crimson pew
The worthy ladies whom the vicar knew.

But the true ritual alliance in their case

was with a particular school of popular preaching.

The attitude and stare,
And start theatric practised at the glass,

could only be appreciated by a select, and, we may add, comfortable audience. The preacher who introduced his sermon by the Lord's Prayer, repeated with so original and striking an emphasis that "you would not know it was the Lord's Prayer," addressed himself to pews full of ladies. This natural alliance between a certain school of eloquence on the one side and an appropriate attitude and condition of body in the hearer has always provoked a touch of cynicism where sympathy was wanting. We came the other day upon an illustration at once of our theme and of this temper, in an incident that happened some half-century ago in a town in Yorkshire, newly stirred to its depths by a popular preacher occupying the parish pulpit for a time. The extraordinary sensation caused by his fertile and florid eloquence encouraged him to higher and higher flights of fancy, still daily self-surpassed, till one Sunday he introduced his text with the following succession of tropes: — "If all the ocean were ink, and all the forests pens, and all the men and women writers, and there was a scroll to reach from sky to sky, from eternity to eternity, it would not contain all that might be said on this text." A few days afterwards a pew in the parish church was to be sold by auction; and the auctioneer with dry gravity began: — "If all the ocean were ink, and all the forests pens, and all the men and women writers, and a scroll was to reach from sky to sky, it could not contain all the advantages of the pew I now offer for competition; among which the greatest is the opportunity it affords of listening to the chaplain of Lord Blank, who has left more brilliant scenes for the sake of converting us heathen. There is one convert already" — seeing a Quaker stand up to bid. "What, only *9l.* for Lord Blank's chaplain?" The joke, the narrative goes on to inform us, was taken extremely well by the gentlemen present, but so ill by the object of it that he was never seen again in that pulpit.

But prominent above all in the ritual of those days was the parish clerk, who may be said never to have failed in realizing his ceremonial character. What a sense of responsibility was there! Nor could he ever lay it aside and subside into common life. He represented Church

and State; he personated the congregation; he gave out the rates, proclaimed confirmations, responded for all, chose the Psalms, and set the tunes; and was, besides all this, the parson's privy councillor; and all these parts he played with a will, a visible anxiety to be equal to his position, to sustain the dignity of the establishment in his own person. So long as all these offices centred in himself there could be no stouter ritualist; he embodied the principle, he kept the flame from dying out. No wonder that a little arrogance crept in. We are told that the first selection of Psalms was compiled to check the insolence of clerks. They might now and then have peculiar notions of what suits a mixed congregation; but one thing may be said of a past institution, that so long as clerks called on the congregation to sing to the praise and glory of God, that object was at least the thing aimed at in the verse they chose. We have discontinued the form now, and with the form the subject of our vocal service is changed. No one can say that praise is the design of our more popular hymns in these days.

We have forgotten to enumerate in the clerk's multifarious services and offices that of decorator. It was on this point that the passage of arms took place between Mrs. Jenny Simper and Francis Sternhold, so touchingly commemorated in the "Spectator." She brings her complaint, as some of us might do, of over-decorating, introducing herself as a young woman with her fortune to make, "for which reason I come constantly to church to hear divine service;" but the clerk (we condense her narrative), "who was once a gardener, has quite spoiled my prospect. The church looks like a greenhouse, the aisle is a pretty shady walk, the pews are so many arbour; and, above all, Sir Anthony's pew is so well hedged that all my batteries have no effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among the boughs, without taking any manner of aim." To this the indignant official replies that it is true he is a gardener, but he has not been prompted by love of his art, but by a particular spleen against Mrs. Simper, whose airs bid fair to neutralize all his honest care in the disposition of the greens. "I had one day set the Hundredth Psalm, and was singing the first line in order to put the congregation into the tune, when she curtsied to Sir Anthony in so affected a manner that the indignation I conceived made me forget

myself so far as from the tune of that Psalm to wander into Southwell tune, and from thence into Windsor tune, still unable to recover myself, until I had, with the utmost confusion, set a new one." All this was very sad, but at least it *was* the Hundredth Psalm when the right tune was hit upon at last; now it is transmuted into "Hymn 136."

But the Sternholds are all routed, their reign is over, having succumbed to the fate of all institutions which, through thinking themselves indispensable, become intolerable. Happily the ladies behave themselves better now. Certainly square pews — not to speak of their outrage on ecclesiastical propriety — lent themselves to the impulses of giddiness, and especially to that exuberant sense of the ludicrous which is roused in some minds by mere unfitness of time and place. But also we may be sure that Mrs. Simper would nowadays be by no means such an enemy to decorations as we find her in this controversy; or rather she would have zealously offered herself for the service, and probably have succeeded in securing the contributions and personal aid of Sir Anthony in the cause. The clerks had to be put down with a strong hand; but sometimes the parson of this day may wish the order back again, with his too constant opportunities of comparing the tyranny of one man with the tyranny of an innumerable white-robed voluntary choir. The rivalries of church with church, and of decorations with decorations — where the emulation is keen, and the opportunities for comparison easy, and Covent Garden at hand — surely call for some lesson on moderation, and sometimes tempt him to wish for liberty to re-issue that proclamation which once sounded at the command of Moses through the camp of Israel: — "Let neither man nor woman make more work for the offering of the sanctuary" — "for the stuff they had was sufficient and too much."

From The Spectator.

A SPANISH PASSION-PLAY.

ROUND about Linares, the centre of the great lead-mining district of Andalusia, and Baza, the tranquil, isolated, old-world cathedral-town just outside its confines, and as calm and dignified as Linares is busy, bustling, and modern, the hot sun of Spain

shone, last year at the beginning of Holy Week, with a scorching pitilessness which made even the light-hearted miners take a serious view of things. The crops of wheat and barley were as brown as sienna, the beans were drooping, and the wild flowers of the Campo, which should have carpeted the rocky earth with scarlet and blue and yellow, were mere nondescript, withered weeds. Said Mr. Hugh Rose's Manchegan servant to him, "If rain does not fall, Señor, in the Holy Week, God will send no rain at all," and went away despondent, to have a look at his little San Juan, his patron saint, who had a fine, new dress of crimson satin, with golden spangles, to be put on upon Easter Day. Said the beggars, when they asked "*por Dios*" a "very little alms," and saluted the "*purissima*," "Bread is going from the poor." If Spanish peasants or Spanish miners (for whom the aspiration "a short life and a merry one" seems to have been invented) could ever be low-spirited, they might be said to have been so then, and the Monday and Tuesday of the last Lenten week passed heavily. On the Wednesday a *bando* came into operation, which interdicted under heavy penalties the sale of wine and spirituous liquor in the Campo, and the entry of any coach, mule-cart, or public conveyance into the town, from mid-day on Holy Wednesday until midnight on Holy Saturday. These wise precautions for public order and decency taken, a ceremonial commenced at the Church of San Francisco, in an anonymous mining-town in the Linares district, which presents as strong a contrast to the arid and depressing physical features of the scene and the rude conditions of the life of the Black-Country population as can be conceived.

A crowd of two thousand people are clustering round the doors of the church, in silence, at half past six in the evening, when the municipal guards come up, and form in semicircular array, with drawn swords, their scarlet uniforms making a bright flash of colour. Inside the church, where only one side-altar is lighted, a great number of men and women are collected, and round the lighted altar are grouped the images, each one larger than life, of Our Saviour, the Blessed Virgin, and the numerous saints who are to have their places in the first procession, which is to commence at sunset. The governor and one of the *alcaldes* enter the church, and all eyes are turned towards

the setting sun. When the golden line touches the horizon, the grand, mournful music of the "Dead-March" in "Saul" is struck up by the brass-band, stationed within the doors of the church, and eight men, barefooted, clad in long robes of sackcloth, girdled round the waist with a knotted cord of esparto-grass, each bearing a huge wax torch in his left hand, come down the church steps, bearing on their shoulders the image of "the Christ of us all," as the miners call the Saviour. The heads of these men are swathed in sackcloth, in which small slits are made for eye-holes. The image of Christ is larger than life, and clad in a violet velvet cloak, girdled; the legs are bare. He sits dejectedly, his head leaning on his left hand, tears flowing from his eyes, his right hand, raised, points over the crowd. The eight men carry him fifty yards, then place him on the ground; the people fall upon their knees, and a man, clothed in black, holding a long, black, draped trumpet, comes out of the church door, and blows three discordant blasts. The bearers shoulder the Christ, a long train of men, clothed like those in sackcloth, and called *humildes*, or penitents — miners, peasants, artisans, and gentlemen, who walk barefooted, purchase the penitential garb themselves, and pay for the privilege of joining in the procession — march forward with slow and solemn steps, and the church doors give egress to the other images, preceded by a banner of purple, on which is a beautifully painted picture of Christ fainting under the weight of his cross, his tears bedewing the ground. Saint Mary of Magdala comes next to the Saviour; she is clothed in a long, drab cloak, and her face is hidden in her hands. Each image with its bearers is followed by a dozen *humildes*. The Virgin is splendidly clad in black velvet, with golden spangles, and Saint John is partly robed in scarlet. Saint Luke follows him, then a long train of *humildes*. The band, playing mournful music, precedes the priests; then come more penitents, and the officers of the town, dressed in black, with bare, bended heads. Every shop is shut, every window is crowded, but silence reigns, as for two hours the procession moves through the rough streets of the mining-town, all cleared for it; and when, still attended by hundreds, it returns to the dark, solemn church, the crowd disperses in perfect order, and every one goes to his own home.

All through Holy Thursday, the fierce sun shone, the rainless wind blew, and in the evening the procession set forth again; but this time all the penitents wore black calico gabardines, and high, peaked caps of the same material, and on every man's cap was thrown a crown of thorns, made of the wreathed twigs of the barberry-tree. They were all barefooted, and they carried lighted torches, and were followed by hundreds of children, of all classes, clad like them, and carrying tapers. As the procession started, the blare of a trumpet and the rattle of a muffled kettle-drum were heard, and twelve men in buskins, short, buff-leather tunics, and with steel helmets, fell in just behind the image of the Saviour. "Who are those?" Mr. Rose asked of a Spanish pitman. "The soldiers who destroyed our Christ," was the answer. So, again, to the solemn music of the "Dead-March" the procession went its way, "the lights showing wan and sickly against the sinking sun, the dark images standing out in bold relief against the steely-blue sky, the long line of the *humildes* dividing the eager, orderly crowd." On the morning of Good Friday the cold was intense, but there was no sign of rain. At five in the morning the church was crowded, and a multitude of people stood without. A preacher was enforcing the doctrine of the atonement in short, pithy sentences, like proverbs. At 6.30 the procession came forth, and was again joined by the Roman soldiers. This time each penitent carried upon his shoulder a black-stained cross of wood, four feet long. When, after its solemn march, it returned to the church, Mr. Rose beheld from a balcony above the great door the extraordinary and impressive ceremony of "selling the Lord." The Christ, crowned with thorns, and bleeding great drops of blood, was placed upon a raised platform in front of the doors. All eyes were fixed upon him who was sold. The money was counted from one hand to another, and as the last piece was paid, and the Saviour's right hand went up slowly above the assembled crowd, as though in mute appeal against the treachery, a singular incident occurred. "From the lips of the four thousand of the assembled multitude rose up to Heaven the fierce, earnest shout, "*Agua! agua!*" This was the miners' united prayer for rain. Once more the Saviour raised his hand, once more went up to the steely

sky, now growing blue and hot, the urgent cry, "*Agua! agua!*" At five o'clock that afternoon a slight shower fell, and as the procession of the evening wound its way through the mining-town, the entire multitude cried aloud, "*Agua! agua!*" The Christ carried at the head was "the dead Lord," a fair, corpse-like figure, under a glass case. It was taken to the church and placed on a lofty tomb, guarded by two angels, and watched by the Roman soldiers. The wind whistled shrilly around the ancient building, and the people dispersed slowly when the doors were closed; but the strangers, lingering long there, could hear the measured tramp of the Roman soldiers, keeping vigil over "the Christ of us all," throughout the "watch-night." The morning of Holy Saturday dawned, in clouds, and soon after daybreak the rain poured down in torrents. Then said the miners, with entire conviction, "The Lord brought it when he moved his hand."

At Baeza there are wealth and stateliness, and the processions of Holy Week are second only to those of Seville in grandeur. The awful solemnity, the picturesque beauty, and the startling strangeness of the scene to be beheld there on Good Friday must, we imagine, surpass those even of the Passion-play at Ober-Ammergau, because of the terrible reality of the place and the manner of it, — the centre of an immense square, thronged with thousands of people, and the actual processes of the execution, which are all gone through, to the accompaniment of the heart-rending Passion-music, in the face of the multitude, in bright-hued dresses, standing in the full, golden sunlight, hemmed in by the low-roofed houses, with the snow-capped ridge of the Sierra for their outer boundary. Through this brilliant crowd, all still and silent, comes a row of men two-deep, robed and hooded, and bearing large candles, and they clear a pathway for the first procession of the condemned. The king of the Jews, delivered to the people, is borne by four penitents; the derisive robe of his mock royalty is rich claret-colour, gorgeously embroidered in gold; a crown of thorns is pressed down upon his brow, and his hair (real, human hair) dabbled in blood, falls down over his shoulders. "He has fallen upon one hand from exhaustion, his head droops a little, his nostrils are slightly widened, as of one who pants for

breath; mute reproof, utter weariness, uncomplaining suffering are all in the face."

The figure passes slowly up the square, severing the thronging populace, and is followed by one hundred Roman soldiers, marching two-and-two, some mounted on fiery Andalusian chargers, some on foot. These are "the centurion's guard." The band steps to one side, the Roman soldiery form round the condemned, the penitents once more clear a way, and Saint Veronica comes to make her lowly obeisance, and stooping down to wipe the sweat and dirt and blood from the Lord's face. As she does so, the handkerchief is rolled up by means of a spring, and another appears in her hands, with the image of Jesus upon it. Now comes the Virgin Mother, and the foreigner, looking out from a balcony upon the crushed-up crowd cannot discern one covered head or single standing figure. The image of the Virgin is a marvel of art. "Her arms move, she wipes her eyes, her pale face is expressive of simple, sheer, unapproachable grief; and as the many bands play the most plaintive strains of Bach's Passion-music, at the most wailing note she draws near, and puts her arms round the neck and across the breast of her fallen, fainting, and bleeding son." So the first procession of Holy Friday passes out of sight, amid an orderly, eager crowd, and when it has vanished the prisoners, manacled indeed, but free in a sense, during the blessed hours, walk about the city, and solicit alms. A little before night-fall, with the same crowds, lights, and music, come the final scenes. Through the way cleared by the penitents comes the Saviour and washes Peter's feet; the attitudes beautifully expressed, and the music exquisite. Then he comes, praying in the Garden of Gethsemane; a figure bowed with anguish, amid real shrubs, dexterously lighted. Again he is bound to a pillar, and the fearful scourging is represented with a realism almost too dreadful to be borne. Then he carries his cross, fainting, lacerated, weary beyond all telling. Night has fallen now; the crowds are denser, the Plaza is all dark; but in the centre are moving forms, and the blaze of lighted candles. Profound silence reigns, so that the night-wind, blowing in fitful gusts from the mountains to the southward, can be distinctly heard. For the last time a way is cleared, for this:—

"Now the Christ was raised aloft, in

that dim, silent, but teeming Plaza, nailed upon the cross,—a public spectacle, his dying figure barely lit up by the torch of a penitent or a ruthless soldier. Little, thin, red streams of blood flowed down from his nail-pierced hands, crossing each other at the wrist, and passing to the armpit, and thence trickling down the sides, and soaking in gore the linen cloth at the waist. It was too frightfully real. The two thieves were on either side, and beyond them stretched the long line of penitents, whose lighted candles shed a fitful ray over the whole." When the scene was finished, a troop of children with silver wings went by, carrying banners inscribed with the words (in Latin), "For our salvation he hath died." Then passed the centurion's guard, and the Virgin Mother, with the dead Christ in her arms; and a hush of awe fell upon the crowd, as the cleared space remained quite empty for a while. At ten o'clock a beautifully illuminated glass coffin was borne along the pathway, bordered by the kneeling crowd, and in it lay a figure, with pale peaceful features, wrapped in a linen winding-sheet. When Mary of Magdala, Saint John and Saint Veronica have followed the glass coffin, all is over, and the Plaza is speedily and noiselessly deserted. The "watch" has begun, to be maintained until it shall be exchanged for the noisy congratulations and rejoicings of Easter Day.

From Nature.

ARCTIC VEGETATION.

A FEW notes on the vegetation of the Arctic regions may not be out of season at the present time. For fuller details we may refer to Dr. Hooker's exhaustive essay on the distribution of Arctic plants, published in the "Transactions of the Linnean Society," vol. xxiii., 1862. Since the appearance of this article very little has been added to our knowledge of Arctic vegetation, if we except the flora of Spitzbergen. Several naturalists have since visited the islands of this group, and about thirty additional species of flowering plants have been discovered. The greater part of these additions have been published in the "Journal of Botany," vol. ii. pp. 130 to 137 and 162 to 176, and vol. i., series 2, p. 152; but a few interesting plants new to the group, collected by the Rev. Mr. Eaton, and now in the Herbarium at Kew, do not appear to have been

published. With the exception of the shores of Smith's Sound in North America, Spitzbergen is the most northerly land yet trodden by the foot of restless explorers, and from its relative accessibility its vegetation is perhaps better known than any other part lying far within the Arctic circle. For this reason, and on account of their high latitude, we have chosen the vegetation of the Spitzbergen Islands to illustrate the whole flora of the Arctic regions. We have been influenced in this choice, too, by the fact that many of the species there represented are indigenous in Britain. Most of these species, it should be stated, are confined to the mountains of the north of England and Scotland.

To give a general idea of the whole flora of the North Frigid Zone, we may quote a few of Dr. Hooker's figures. By way of explanation it should be mentioned that Dr. Hooker takes a very broad view of species, and many forms considered as distinct species by some botanists here count as varieties. The more recent additions to the flora of Spitzbergen would not materially alter these figures, because the same species were all, or nearly all, previously known to exist in Arctic Continental Europe or America. A few deductions would also probably have to be made. For instance, the Reed-mace, *Typha*, appears to have been included by mistake in the list of Arctic American plants. The total number of species of flowering plants—with which alone we shall concern ourselves—given, is 762, of which about fifty are exclusively confined to the Arctic regions. A very large proportion of these are found in Scandinavia, south of the Arctic circle, and reappear in the Alps; a few reach the Alpine regions of the mountains of India and Africa, and a few reappear in the extreme south of the southern hemisphere. In a less degree the same thing occurs from north to south on the American continent. Of these 762 species, 616 have been observed in Arctic Europe, 233 in Arctic Asia, 364 in Arctic West America, 379 in Arctic East America, and 207 in Arctic Greenland. From the proportions the respective figures for the five different areas bear to the total, it will be seen that nearly all the areas must have a majority of species in common, and that each area has very few species peculiar to itself. Before proceeding to give a sketch of the flora of Spitzbergen, there is one remarkable fact deserving of special notice. Of the 207 species found in Green-

land, 195 are Scandinavian types, and only twelve are American or Asiatic types.

A glance at the map for the position of the Spitzbergen group will enable the reader to realize more fully the interest attached to the investigation of the plants and animals of a small isolated tract of land in so high a latitude—between $76^{\circ} 33m.$ and $80^{\circ} 50m.$ —especially when told that the highest point at which flowering plants have hitherto been seen is about 82° , or within 8° of the pole, in Smith's Sound. The geological formation of the group is of the earliest. So far as at present known it consists of granite and other crystalline rocks, and in the south traces of the Carboniferous and Permian strata have been discovered. The climate of Spitzbergen is modified to a certain extent, like the whole of Western Europe, by oceanic streams flowing from the hot regions northwards. Nevertheless, it is exceedingly rigorous, as may be imagined from the fact that the sun never rises more than 37° above the horizon, and the winter is of ten months' duration. From the observations of Phipps, Parry, Scoresby, and several foreign explorers, the mean temperature of July, the warmest month, has been estimated at about 37° Fahr., and the highest point observed by Scoresby was 51° on the 29th of July, 1815. The mean temperature of the year is about 17° Fahr., and the mean temperature of the three winter months (Dec., Jan., and Feb.) is calculated at about zero of Fahrenheit. Of course the preceding figures must be treated as very rough approximations only.

From the foregoing brief sketch of the climatal and other conditions of Spitzbergen, a very limited number of flowering plants would be expected to thrive, but at least one hundred species have been observed—a comparatively rich flora, when we consider that it is only in the most favourable situations that they can exist at all. Nearly the whole of the vegetation consists of herbaceous perennials, about one-third being grasses, sedges, and rushes. The nearest approach to woody vegetation are the crowberry (*Empetrum nigrum*), two species of willow (*Salix reticulata* and *S. polaris*), and *Andromeda tetragona*, an Ericaceous under-shrub, neither of which rises more than a few inches above the soil. Taking the families in their natural sequence, we have—1. Ranunculaceæ: six species of ranunculus, and probably seven, a fragment in the Kew Herbarium,

collected by the Rev. Mr. Eaton, appearing to be *R. acris*. 2. Papaveraceæ: *Papaver nudicaule*, a pretty dwarf yellow-flowered poppy. 3. Cruciferæ: about eighteen species, including *Cardamine pratensis*, ten species of *Draba*, and one species of scurvy-grass, *Cochlearia fenestrata*, perhaps the only esculent vegetable found in Spitzbergen, which has proved most valuable to the crews of the vessels that have touched there. 4. Caryophyllæ: about a dozen species, including the following British — *Silene acaulis*, *Arenaria ciliata*, *A. peploides*, and *A. rubella*. 5. Rosaceæ: four species of *Potentilla* and *Dryas octopetala*. 6. Saxifragæ: *Chrysosplenium alternifolium*, *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, *nivalis*, *cernua*, *caespitosa*, *hirculus*, *aizoides*, and four other species not found in Britain. 7. Compositæ: four species, including the dandelion. 8. Campanulacæ: *Campanula uniflora*. 9. Ericaceæ: the little shrub mentioned above. 10. Gentianacæ: *Gentiana tenella*, discovered by the Rev. Mr. Eaton in 1872. 11. Boraginacæ: *Mertensia maritima*. 12. Polemoniaceæ: one species of *Polemonium*. 13. Scrophulariaceæ: *Pedicularis hirsuta*. 14. Empetraceæ: the *Empetrum* alluded to. 15. Polygonæ: two British species, *Polygonum viviparum*, and *Oxyria reniformis*; and *Kœnigia islandica*, which is of annual duration. 16. Salicinæ: the two species of willow given above. The remaining families — (17) Juncaceæ, (18) Cyperaceæ, and (19) Graminææ — make up the rest, the latter being by far the most numerous, and embracing several British genera and species.

In a broad sense, the Arctic vegetation closely resembles the flora of the higher Alps, but there is less brilliancy and variety of colour in the flowers, yellow and white largely predominating. The plants assume a dense tufted habit of growth, and increase mainly by lateral branches, which take root and in their turn produce offsets. It is possible some or all of them ripen seeds in certain favourable seasons; but the almost total absence of annual plants, and the habit of growth of the perennials, seem to indicate that this very seldom happens. An attentive study of the distribution of Arctic flowering plants would lead us to believe that few new species remain to be discovered; and probably in the lower cryptogams also, few absolutely new forms will be found, though doubtless many known species occur that have not yet been collected. Therefore there is some justness

in the complaints of geologists because no geologist has been appointed to the Arctic Expedition, whereas a botanist has been appointed. We may reproduce here the substance of an interesting note on the most northerly species of flowering plants known, which was communicated to this journal (vol. viii. p. 487) by Dr. J. D. Hooker. The four following plants, collected by Dr. Bessel in 82° N. lat., probably on the east side of Smith's Sound, represent the extreme northern limits of phanerogamic vegetation so far as at present known: *Draba alpina*, *Cerastium alpinum*, *Taraxacum dens-leonis* var., and *Poa alpina*. With the exception of the first, these are also indigenous in Britain. We have one more observation to make. Although there is what botanists term an Antarctic flora, not a single flowering plant has been found within the Antarctic circle, and only a very limited number of the lower cryptogams.

From The Spectator.

THE COST OF LIVING.

THE author of the paper on "The Cost of Living" in the April number of the *Cornhill* is all wrong, and as if he were right he would be a most aggravating person, it may be worth while to tell irritated housekeepers why he is in the wrong. All his facts are, we doubt not, correct, but the instinct which so illogically or absurdly denies them all is, as we think, correct too. In feminine phraseology, "He may prove all he likes, and it doesn't matter, because after all you know it isn't so;" or in more masculine phrase, he has omitted one essential datum in his calculation. His thesis as he puts it is quite conclusive. You are bound, he says, when comparing the present with the past cost of living, to compare actual prices, and not prices as affected by new wants. You have no right to say rent is higher because you seek a bigger house, or education costs more because you desire a higher form of tuition, or rates are more oppressive when you want so many new comforts paid for out of them. Your expense for lighting is not to be calculated by your bills for oil and gas, but by your bills as they would be if you required only the light with which your grandfather was content. You ought to compare the old article at its old price with the old article at its present price,

and then you will find that there has in most departments of life been very little increase of cost at all. You can get the bad old accommodation at the old price. You need not give any more for the apology for education. You can stay at home if you like, as your forefathers did, in spite of all the cost of modern travel. It is most unfair to count your increased wants as if they were increased privations, or as the writer puts it, — "Perhaps the oddest, one might rather say the coolest assumption often made in discussions upon this subject, is one which really amounts to a claim that all loss arising from increase of cost is to be regarded as a privation, and therefore a ground for complaint, whereas all saving arising from diminution of cost in other directions may fairly be regarded as swallowed up by the greater 'demands' of the present age. Beef and butter are dearer, therefore here is a privation; but when it is urged on the other hand that travelling is vastly cheaper, the answer will very likely be, 'Oh! but people are obliged to travel so much more now than they used to do; every one does so now, even those who formerly never thought of such a thing, and therefore we, like others, are forced to do the same.' Still more is the same answer resorted to in the case of every sort of social display. It need hardly be remarked that every plea of this sort must be peremptorily rejected." After rejecting every plea of that kind, it will be found that the cost of living has scarcely increased at all, certainly not more than ten per cent., if so much. Meat has about doubled in price, and rent outside London is a trifle dearer, say twenty per cent., but every other necessary excepting service is perceptibly cheaper. Taxes are less; the cost of travelling is less; books cost less; clothes are nearly the same, and servants' wages, though they seem to have altered, do not in a household of £1,000 per annum differ by £30 a year. Every word of this argument is as true as to all housekeepers over fifty it will be aggravating, and the whole of it is all the same distinctly false. The writer has forgotten or omitted one great factor in his problem, — namely, a definition of his idea of "necessaries." The question is not whether a pound of meat now costs more or less than it did in 1800, but whether a meal costs more or less; not whether "education" can be obtained as cheaply, but whether education of equivalent use does not cost more; not whether "liv-

ing" is as cheap as of old, but whether living in the same friendships is not very much more costly. The essayist is right when he says that there is no justice in placing good drainage against bad, and saying good drainage is the dearer; but he is only right so long as the drainage is optional, and not a matter of compulsion. The moment a purchase becomes inevitable, and inevitable for some other reason than the mere development of a new desire, the cost to the purchaser becomes a true addition to the cost of living; and there have been many such additions. This very one of sanitation is such an addition. If it were open to a man to live as his grandfather lived, it would be unfair to quote the plumber's bill against the good old times, but in a city no such choice is left to the economical housekeeper. He must pay his plumber's bill, or be fined, or die of typhoid, and that bill is a direct increase to his inevitable expenses. To take an even better illustration, the cost of education as a necessity has been extravagantly increased. It is quite true that our sons can get for £20 a year just as good an education as our fathers got for that amount, that is to say, as much of positive knowledge or positive discipline of the mind, but then of the direct object sought through that education they cannot get so much. The middle-class man of 1800 bought for his son with his £20 a year a chance of success in life which he now scarcely buys for six or seven times that sum. One end, at least, of education is to obtain an armour for the battle of life; and if that armour is essential, and not to be obtained without increased expense, there has been a direct addition to the cost of living. As a matter of fact, we all know this has been the case. The essayist's exemplar, a professional man in a country town with £1,000 a year, would in 1800 have been liberal if, with a family of two sons and two daughters, he had spent £100 a year — that is, a tithe of his income — on education. He would now, unless very exceptionally fortunate, have to spend £330 — that is, a third of his receipts — to secure identically the same article, that is, an education for his children which should fit them for their position as well as the previous generation was fitted for a third of the money. It is nonsense to say the education is better. So is the meat. But a man wants within a fraction as many ounces a day of good meat as of indifferent, and education has

become as great a necessary as food,—that is to say, without it the man or woman of the professional grade is weak for the ordinary work of life. Education is a necessity, not a luxury, and its increased cost, which is excessive, and will be greater yet, is a direct addition to the cost of living. So is the cost not of hiring servants, but of feeding servants when they are hired. The essayist says, and says rightly, that the wages of domestic servants are not much heavier, but there has been no decrease in the necessity for service or in servants' appetites for meat, and he himself admits that meat is twice as dear. The price of the joint is not the point in the comparison he is making, but the extent of the inevitable butcher's bill. It is quite fair to strike out of the account the master's increased eating—if it has increased, which it has not—but it is not fair, if the servant is inevitable, to strike out his. That, on the conditions given, is a necessary, as completely a necessary for the argument as if the expense were required to keep the master alive.

As to coals, light, travelling, dress, and many other things, we admit his argument fully. And we will even concede that the cost of furniture is less, though with a little shade of doubt. That furniture is cheaper than it was in our fathers' time is certain, yet it actually costs more, and we do not feel certain that the extra expense is altogether voluntary. No doubt we renew furniture more frequently, and that is our own fault; but furniture also wears out more quickly, and that is not our own fault. Old housekeepers say it is worse made, but that is not quite the case, as we could buy furniture, if we pleased, just as durable as the old manufacture, and very nearly of the same design. The truth is, we believe, that furniture in London perishes much more quickly than it did, from the immense increase in the deposit of dirt, which the housekeeper cannot control; and that in the country it suffers from an unconscious change in ourselves,—the loss of the power of considering its preservation part of the business of life. We can't remember to draw down the blinds lest the carpets fade, or do our deck-pacing from time to time in fresh places, lest the pattern wear unequally. That change is involuntary, and produced by the enlargement in the horizon of men's and women's interests, and the loss which it involves may be fairly set down to loss from the cost of living. Whatever the

truth about furniture, however, we do get more of most things that we pay more for, and we could do with less, and the expense therefore is not a fair addition to the "cost of living;" but the butcher's bill is, and the principal's bill is, and so is nearly all we pay for sanitation. It is not open to us to choose to get acclimatized to sewage. We believe, if a fair account were struck, and no expense considered a new necessity, unless ordered by law, or commanded by doctors, or essential to success in life, or required merely to purchase articles always purchased before, it would be found that the loss in half a century on £1,000 a year would be £400 at least,—that men with defined incomes in 1875 were two-fifths less easy about money than men with the same incomes in 1815. Be it remembered that the greatest of all the *per contra* items, the reduction in taxation, is considered in the estimate of prices. In 1815 an Englishman paid, we believe, 6s. 8d. in the pound of his income to the State, and now he pays only 2s. at the outside; but he paid it then, as now, mainly in higher prices, and his payment must not therefore be counted twice over. We are not at liberty in this argument to say tea is cheaper, and also to say the taxation on tea is less.

In stating our case, we have not only kept within the truth, but we have made a concession to the essayist which the great majority of those who keep house will declare to be unreasonable, and about the reasonableness of which we have some doubts ourselves. We have surrendered the whole question of grade. He says it is not fair to calculate the new advantages we purchase as additions to the cost of living, and economically he is right, but his dictum ought to be subject to one "rider." One of the things purchased by an expenditure of £1,000 a year in 1815 was liberty of living among a certain class of persons with good education, good manners, and the freedom of life which comes of exemption from care. To secure that liberty certain expenses were incurred, and if they are greatly increased, that is surely a direct addition to the cost of living. Such an increase has certainly taken place both in the cost of locomotion and in the expense of dress. Locomotion for long distances is amazingly cheaper, cheaper by at least five hundred per cent., but locomotion for short distances is perceptibly dearer. The professional, whether in London or the country, wants horses

as much as ever he did, and the cost of buying and keeping or hiring horses has doubled in the country — price, food, and wages taken together — and very nearly tripled in the metropolis. In 1815 a man in London with £1,000 a year could keep a carriage of some sort, while if he tried it now, he would find it cost him nearly double his rent; and the increase in the country, though not so oppressive, is still very great. It is the same with dress. Print dresses are as cheap as ever they were, but if women wearing print dresses cannot now associate with their equals without mortification, and still more if they cannot associate at all, then the price of association has risen, and with it the cost of living. "Society" is one of the articles to be paid for, and its price has gone up fifty per cent. We admit that it is not, rigorously speaking, a necessity, like meat or education, but still it is so nearly one — it is so clearly a constituent part of "living" — that all but the most rigid economists will account it one. "Living," in the essayist's sense, is not merely keeping alive. We say nothing of the new mode of entertaining, or of the higher expectations all acquaintances form — for entertaining can be done cheaply, and selfish acquaintances can be dropped — and confine ourselves to requirements which may be fairly called necessities. And one of those, we take it, is, after all, a certain equality in refinement among close friends; and that equality, in the face of the general rise in average incomes which the *Cornhill* frankly admits, is, of all necessities, the one which costs most money.

From The Academy.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION OF 1762.

THEODOR VON LUDERS was the Russian *chargé d'affaires* at the English court during the reigns of Peter III. and Catherine II. Some of his papers recently came into my hands, and on looking over them I found the following account of the Russian revolution in June 1762, in which Peter was deposed. The original is in Spanish, and is entitled "*Relacion de la Revolucion de Rusia sucedida en el dia 9 (28) de Julio (Junio) de 1762 y Siguietes en que fue destronado el Emperador Pedro tercero por su esposa la Emperatriz que subio al trono con el nombre de Cathalina Segunda.*"

There is also an English translation, from which the following is printed. It seems to be an account by some Spanish official of what actually took place, and it differs in some respects from the account given of the revolution in the "Annual Register" for that year: —

On the 9th July (28th June) at about eight in the morning, the empress arrived here incognito, in a chaise drawn by two horses, accompanied by two subaltern officers and a female attendant, from the town of Peterhoff, where 'tis said she had been confined in her palace since the night of the 7th, whence she escaped by a window; she stopped at the quarters of the regiment of Ismaolefski Guards, of which the Hetman is colonel, thence she went to those of Preobrasinski, then to the regiment of horse-guards, of which Prince George is colonel, afterwards to the corps of artillery, and then in succession to the rest of the troops. She convoked the synod and ecclesiastical body, with other persons of distinction, and in the church of Casan, which is the principal one, everything necessary was prepared for her Majesty to take the usual oaths.

This church is in the street in which I reside; such sudden and important events and their novelty caused a confusion not to be described. About nine or ten in the morning, I observed an extraordinary uproar and noise; waiting the event, I saw the regiment of horse-guards, hurrying without order towards the Summer Palace, which is in front of my house, and is the residence of the Grand Duke Paulo Petrowitz. They surrounded the troop assembled to relieve guard there; this was done so quickly that they overturned each other, many men and horses fell down and were run over; most of the men were uncombed, others half dressed, and many without hats. With the same haste they entered the palace, and not finding room through the gate, they tore away the garden fences, which were of wood, entered, and surrounded the palace.

At the same time, and with the same haste, the foot-guards passed by my house and the adjoining streets, followed by some ammunition-waggons; the men were all uncombed, some without hats, hair in disorder, without shoes or gaiters, and some without uniform; but all had muskets, bayonets, sabres, and cartouch-boxes; many loaded on their way; others to save time seized on the carts and waggons of the peasants which they found in the streets, and got into them; all appeared in high spirits, and proceeded towards the Stone Palace; a great number of workmen, mechanics, and peasants, armed with axes, also assembled themselves about the church of Casan and the palace.

Whilst the guards were doing this, an old berlin and four badly-caparisoned horses, with two postillions, and a servant in lead-coloured liveries, apparently belonging to some officer, came out of the garden gate of the Summer Palace, at about half past ten

o'clock, surrounded by five hundred horse-guards commanded by Colonel Melesins, lieutenant-colonel of the bombardiers of artillery. In the berlin was the Grand Duke in a cap and undress, accompanied by his tutor, General Panin, and by the chamberlain Teploff, who conducted him to the church of Casan, where the empress was waiting for him; after the oaths had been taken, they went out in an old coach, drawn by two bad white horses. Her Imperial Majesty and his Highness were accompanied by Count Rozamuský, Hetman of the Ukraine, the director-general of artillery Villebois, and some others.

In this manner the empress and her son arrived at the new Stone Palace. In the great square in front the foot and horse guards were drawn up. The empress was acknowledged sovereign of all the Russias, and the Grand Duke as her successor, by the generals and other great officers of state in the accustomed manner and with the usual ceremonies.

Leaving the palace, they then presented themselves to the troops, were joyfully proclaimed, acknowledged, and sworn to in due form — which was followed by reiterated *vivas* and acclamations from the people. In the mean time, at about 12 o'clock, a regiment of cuirassiers, completely clothed and armed but without *guruspas* (cruppers), passed at a quick pace from its quarters, through the Perspective street in front of my house, towards the palace square, to perform the same ceremony, and at half past 12 o'clock a piquet of the same regiment returned for its standards which were in the Summer Palace, whence they carried them to the new Stone Palace: and the same was done by all the others. Te Deum was then sung in the chapel of the palace, and the empress and her son conducted in a rich carriage to the Winter Palace, where they remained the greater part of the day exposed to public view, seated in a window looking to one of the principal streets.

As yet nothing unfortunate has occurred, both army and people manifesting the utmost pleasure and even in the countenances of the poorest peasants there appeared satisfaction. The empress harangued the troops, nobles, and people, promising them a peaceful reign resembling that of the Empress Isabel. Prince George of Holstein was arrested by an officer of his own regiment, in defending himself he was wounded; and was afterwards placed in a calash, surrounded by soldiers, and secured in one of the rooms of the palace, whence he was taken to his own house under a strong guard, which remained there.

The same fate befell the Prince of Holstein-Beck, governor-general of Petersburg, and 'tis said some others. The lieutenant-general of police Baron Corf upon being arrested immediately joined the new party, and the empress returned him his sword with her own hands.

The necessary precautions in cases of a similar nature were now taken; the palace was filled with troops and artillery, and the streets

leading to it; a battery of twelve guns was placed in the square, not far from the Summer Palace opposite my house, to command the avenues to the road from Moscow. But it was afterwards withdrawn to go to Oraniemboon where the deposed emperor had retired with the Holsteiners and some other troops which had joined him.

Between 9 and 10 at night the empress mounted on horseback, dressed as a man, in the uniform of her guards, wearing the ribbon of the order of St. Andrew, and heading her troops on their march towards Oraniemboon.

The manifesto published sets forth, that the empress ascended the throne at the invitation of the people, and deposed the emperor for despising religion, for the dangerous innovations he wished to make, and for the shameful peace he had just concluded with the bitterest enemy of the nation, Prussia, despising and sacrificing the glory acquired by its arms, and for totally changing the state contrary to its constitution, good customs, uses, and common weal.

The ascent of the empress to the throne was notified to the foreign ministers the same night. It is said by some that between 9 and 10 o'clock on this very night the empress was to have been carried from Peterhoff, where she was confined, to a convent, and that her son, the Grand Duke Paulo Petrowitz, who had remained in the Summer Palace of this city, was to have shared the same fate. That in the morning the emperor would have repudiated her, and at the same time taken the Camerfrauen (lady of the bedchamber) Isabella (Elizabeth) Countess Woronzow for his wife and empress. The chief promoters of the revolution were Count Rozamuský, Hetman of Ukrania, General Villebois, commandant of artillery, Prince Wolkousky, who concluded the armistice on the 16th March of the present year with the king of Prussia, the chamberlain Iwan Iwanitz Schwalof; General Panin, tutor to the Grand Duke; the family of Orloff and the Princess Daoscoff (Dashcoff), sister to Countess Woronzow, the above-mentioned lady of the bedchamber. With respect to this lady, the principal person employed in this intrigue, she is of very different mind. Not yet twenty years old, but has extraordinary abilities. She rode at the side of the empress on horseback on her march to Oraniemboon.

The plot began to be known by the treachery of a soldier, and upon his information on the part of the czar, there was order given to examine one of the chief confidants of the empress, an officer of the guards named Passicoff. This circumstance, and the moment being most favourable from the circumstance of the troops being well disposed (the first battalions being ordered to join the army, which they did with great reluctance), caused the springing of the mine and hastened the enterprise, the execution of which took place in the above-mentioned manner.

10th July (29th June). It was known this evening that the empress had remained in Krasnakabak till four in the morning, and thence went to Strelna Muica, whence she sent a body of troops to seize on the person of the deposed czar: upon its arrival the greatest part of the Russians abandoned him and joined her troops. He seeing himself without resource took the opinions of the principal persons of his party who had remained with him, amongst whom was Field-Marshal Count Munich, and it was decided that he had no choice left but to submit his fate to the mercy of his enemy, which would then be less severe. This he acceded to, asking for life, a pension, and liberty to retire to Holstein with the Countess Elizabeth (Isabel). He acknowledged the empress as his sovereign, and sent her his sword; to this some particulars are added, which at present it is not easy to relate.

General Count Viera was arrested at Cronstadt, where he went on the part of the emperor to gain the fleet and port to his side, but the Admiral Falitzin arrived at the same time with the orders of the empress, which were obeyed. Cronstadt is an island opposite Oraniemboon at about half an hour's sail from it.

We have heard the cannon of Peterhoff; 'tis said to be a salute in honour of the day. The empress is now there.

The declaring herself colonel of the regiment of horse-guards, appointing Prince Wolkonski her lieutenant-colonel, and the recall of Count Bestucheff Rurain (formerly chancellor) from banishment, are her first acts.

The foreign ministers and all the court had been invited yesterday to Peterhoff, there to remain until the 11th, for the ceremonial of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, in consequence of which the deposed czar at that time, ignorant of what passed in the capital, came from Oraniemboon to Peterhoff between 11 and 12, with the greatest part of his court: finding the empress was not there, he began to take precautions, although uncertain of what would happen; he sent orders to St. Petersburg, but as the bearers arrived in the city they either joined the new party, or were taken to the fortress or other places of security; finding himself without resource, he returned to Oraniemboon, assembled his few remaining troops, did as has been related, and intrenched himself.

To understand these movements you must know that the distances from Petersburg to the above-mentioned places are to Peterhoff thirty versts (wursts), to Oraniemboon ten wursts, and something more: to Krasmakbac, which is an inn, nine wursts, and Strelna Muica, the royal fortress, is seven wursts from

Peterhoff towards Petersbourg. Four or five wursts make one of our leagues.

11th July (30th June). This morning the empress returned in triumph to the city, which she entered on horseback, preceded by the cavalry and followed by the infantry; at about 12 she arrived at her spring palace, which, as I have before said, is opposite my house. On the staircase, all the court waited for her, a general kissing of hands took place; Te Deum was sung in the chapel, and her Majesty retired to her chamber. Some particular circumstances have come to light. The deposed czar embarked in a galley, and presented herself before Cronstadt, but it was of no avail; he was threatened and obliged to withdraw; finding himself abandoned, he saw himself under the necessity of renouncing his rights and surrendering himself.

At 11 o'clock on the night of the 11th he was conducted to the fortress of Petersbourg.

It is not certain that the empress was arrested on the night of the 7th at Peterhoff, but this was to have taken place on the 9th.

To-morrow morning, when there will be less confusion, you shall know the measures which this unfortunate czar designed to take, the letters he wrote to the empress, together with this heroic sovereign's first proceedings, and other various circumstances.

The empress in her manifesto states that the czar begged her to allow him to withdraw to Holstein with Elizabeth Worontzoff Gowdowich. This lady, the czar's mistress, to whom allusion is made in the above account as the person Peter was about to marry when he had got rid of Catherine, seems ultimately to have been treated by the empress with greater leniency than might have been expected, for among M. Luders' papers I find a letter from Count A. Worontzoff to him, enclosing a copy of the following letter from the empress:—

M. Le Cte Worontzow vous ne vous êtes point trompé en croyant, que je n'avois point changé de Sentims pour vous. Je lis avec plaisir vos relations & j'espère que vous continuerez la conduite louable que vous avez eue jusqu'ici Vous devés être rassuré sur le sort de votre Famille, sur laquelle, j'ai vû toutes vos inquietudes. Je suis fâchée d'avoir été obligée de vous les donner. Je changerai en mieux la situation de votre Soeur La Comtesse Elisabeth, le plutôt possible. Je vous remercie du Livre, que vous m'avez envoyé & je serai toujours votre très affectionnée

CATHERINE.

à Sa P ce 13 aûut, 1762.

J. W. WILLIS BUND.